

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

15c

July 29 1961

EXTRASENSORY PERCEPTION

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Ale!

Will success spoil Henry Makow, boy columnist?

Success came swiftly to Henry Makow. In four months Henry, an 11-year-old Ottawa schoolboy, has become a syndicated columnist appearing in newspapers from Cape Breton Island to Los Angeles and a television personality in Canada and the U.S. His best columns are now being assembled for a book. The head of the hardest-bitten old newspaper professional might turn at such sudden fame. What will it do to Henry?

"He's still the same polite, unobtrusive boy he was when he first came in here," says Bill Metcalfe, the managing editor of the Ottawa Journal. Henry wrote Metcalfe in April suggesting an advice column for parents. Metcalfe was amused — and a trifle suspicious — but he tried Henry out with some sample problems. Metcalfe found his answers "sensible and fresh," and Ask Henry became a weekly feature in the Journal. Henry's starting salary was \$3 a week.

Henry now receives about \$60 a week and his income is still rising. Shortly after his first column appeared, the Toronto Telegram News Service signed him to a year's contract. The Telegram has placed the column in 14 Canadian newspapers from the St. John's Telegram to the Victoria Times and in 21 American newspapers from the Los Angeles Mirror to the Boston Globe.

The Telegram answers all Henry's mail and sends him 15 to 20 letters a week to answer in his column. Henry has organized a file for his correspondence with subdivisions for A-Quality letters (which are most interesting), B-Quality letters (which aren't so good), and Rejects (which he doesn't answer). "We try not to give him any questions that are beyond the ability of a bright

11-year-old boy to answer," says Ray Argyle, the editor of the Telegram's syndicate. Some sample questions and answers:

DEAR HENRY: I have a son, 10, who loves guns. He has a very big collection of them, pistols and rifles. Just a few days ago the pistol accidentally went off when he was cleaning it. Luckily it just burned his arm. I want him to be more careful with them. I don't want to take them away because it would break his heart. **WOUNDED.**

Dear Wounded: Would you like the gun to break his heart? **Henry.**



DEAR HENRY: My children would like to watch TV programs which are on late in the evening. Do you think they should watch these late programs? **DADDY I WANT TO SEE THE LATE MOVIE.**

Dear Late Late: I wouldn't like to answer this question because I would have to live up to my preaching. **Henry.**

DEAR HENRY: My boy in grade two is quite a good student. Sometimes he prints well but mostly his printing is very bad. His teacher says he may have to fail unless his printing improves. How can he improve? **WORRIED MOM.**

Dear Worried Mom: Give your boy practice and help him learn to print. If a boy could fail because of printing I wouldn't be in grade six. **Henry.**

Henry's marks at Fairfield School haven't dropped since he started the column, but they haven't improved either. Once his father, a Polish-born National Research Council scientist, asked him why he didn't try to be top of his class. "Too much responsibility," Henry said. "I'd be afraid I might slip back." He also told an interviewer on Ottawa's CBOT that he could write a composition while he was watching TV and get 85% for it, but his teachers say his English is "middling."

Ray Argyle says, "Henry is just extraordinarily confident." In New York last month, he held Jack Paar to a draw in a television interview and accompanied Argyle to meetings with executives of newspaper chains and the Prentice-Hall publishing house. Prentice-Hall will publish a book of Henry's most interesting columns in the fall. "He was just delightful," Argyle explains, "and he didn't spoil anything by talking too much."

Some of Henry's neighbors don't think he's so delightful. "After this," one says, "he'll be a little monster." Henry still writes the column by himself and his father still gives him advice. "But when he does," Henry says, "I tell him to go to the Citizen and start his own column."

Argyle thinks Ask Henry will last two years before the novelty wears off, but Henry is convinced it will last longer. "When I get too old to write it," he says, "I can train my younger brother for the job." ✓

WATCH FOR

A COMEBACK AT GANDER: the new airport there, which cost the Department of Transport \$3,500,000 and was opened by Queen Elizabeth in 1959 but which has been little used since — because 19 of the 20 airlines that once stopped there to refuel their propeller-driven planes now send passengers across the Atlantic in non-stop jets. Only the Department of Transport's own Trans-Canada Air Lines still goes regularly to Gander.

But last month the Irish airline Aer Lingus decided to start using Gander for its short-range jets traveling between Dublin and New York, the federal government opened Terra Nova park a few miles from the airport, and, most promising of all for the 8,500 residents of the town of Gander, a shop was opened at the airport to sell goods duty-free to international airline passengers. Before jets reduced the stopover traffic, duty-free shops at Shannon Airport were Ireland's second-greatest (after the export of breeding cattle) source of dollar revenue.

THE NEXT CONACHER. Dave, the second son of the late Big Train, is working with the Toronto Argonaut football club. If he makes it he'll be the sixth Conacher in Canadian professional sports, and the



dynasty hasn't ended yet. Dave has a younger brother, Bryan, who played hockey at Upper Canada College and Toronto Marlboros and will enter university this fall.

DEHYDRATED FROZEN FOODS that can be stored on a cupboard shelf. Put out by a U.S. meat-packing company, they're flash frozen, specially treated to vaporize the moisture trapped in the ice crystals, and then packaged in moisture-proof containers. To prepare them for cooking, the cook simply soaks them in water. They'll keep for two years at room temperature.

PHOTOS of funeral flowers: Since many people order flowers by phone and don't know which bouquet at the coffin is theirs, some funeral directors are snapping colored transparencies and sending them to the donors as "permanent memorial records of the departed." The photos aren't itemized on the bill; the undertakers describe them as "part of the personal service given to the bereaved."

ON THE SHUTTLECOCK FRONT: no schragfahnen

Only two feathers from each wing of a goose are suitable for making badminton shuttlecocks. They're called schragfahnen and their barbs are balanced evenly on both sides of the quill. Canadian shuttlecock manufacturers need 20,000,000 schragfahnen this year, but this will go down as the year when the schragfahnen crisis struck.

"It's been getting harder every year to round up our annual supply," L. A. Moore, the vice-president of the Campbell Manufacturing Company of Toronto, says. "But this year, for some reason or other, the supply just seems to have dried up." Moore has his own men, and Canada's trade commissioners as well, searching the world for people who have goosefeathers they want to sell.

In previous years, countries in the Soviet bloc were reliable suppliers of goosefeathers but they seem to have decided that shuttlecocks have some strategic importance. "Russia has millions of schragfahnen," Moore says, "but they won't sell them to the West and the other Communist countries are following Russia's lead."

One big trouble is the state trading agency through which all business deals in a Communist country must be made. "Sometimes they tell us they have so many hundred kilos available," Moore says. "But instead of quoting a price they ask us how much we're prepared to pay. We name a price and then they tell us they really have a much smaller amount on hand—sometimes as

little as 10 percent of their original figure."

In the non-Communist countries and Asia, Moore thinks the schragfahnen shortage has been caused by the black market. "When people kill geese for the black market," he says, "they don't leave feathers lying around as evidence."

Campbell's now have only a quarter of the schragfahnen they need — most of them purchased from Yugoslavia—

and they are using a third, slightly lopsided, feather from the goose's wing and trimming one side to make it symmetrical. The company's biggest hope is a Canadian trade commissioner who claims to have located a promising new supply of goose feathers. But Moore won't say where the supplier is. Other shuttlecock men, caught short of schragfahnen, might get there first.

—ROYD BEAMISH

ULTRASONICS: weird new world

Ultrasonic waves can't be heard by the human ear—they're about 1,000,000 times more penetrating than the shrillest ambulance siren—but they can drill a hole through diamonds and they are the basis of some important new medical techniques and some strange new machines.

The man who probably knows more about ultrasonics than anyone else in North America is William Fortman who was born in Edmonton, Alta., studied in Germany before the war, and worked out secret engineering projects in Britain during the war. He became interested in ultrasonics 15 years ago and is now the director of the Astrosonics Development Laboratories at Syosset, New York. Wearing specially designed earmuffs, and working in cork-lined labs, he produces the new machines that produce the ultrasonic waves. "It's an exciting realm of unlimited power," Fortman says, "but un-

like most of the so-called 'glamour sciences,' ultrasonics have a personal application."

Some of the things that ultrasonics are already—or shortly will be—doing: **cleaning coins**, surgical instruments and jewellery by shaking the dirt loose; **cleaning air** that comes from industrial chimneys by pushing small, lighter-than-air particles together into big, heavier-than-air particles;

curing brain tumors and Parkinson's Disease (which affects a small nerve in the brain) by passing harmlessly through brain tissue until focused on the diseased area, which is then destroyed without the rest of the patient losing any blood;

clearing air around airports of fog by condensing the moisture into big rain drops that fall to the ground;

cracking the gristle in steaks, roasts and chops without damaging the meat.

—MELVIN SHESTACK

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: What the O'Leary Commission's report did and did not say

WE HAVE OFTEN WONDERED how a Cuban, a Chinese or an Indian feels, reading Time magazine's account of events in his country. Now we know. Since a Canadian royal commission had the impertinence to recommend, and a Canadian government to contemplate, action displeasing to Time, this Canadian event is being reported in the peculiar style Time normally reserves for less happier lands.

It's instructive to note how few actual misstatements are required to achieve a totally false impression. In this case only one is really essential — the charge, repeated in all Time's proclamations on the subject, that Canadian readers will be "deprived" of Time, that Time will be banned, excluded, driven from Canada, if the report of the O'Leary commission on publications is implemented.

This of course is quite untrue. Time will be no more excluded than its sister Life, or its chief competitor Newsweek, is excluded now. All foreign publications are freely admitted to Canada, from the Atlantic Monthly to True Confessions and from Paris Match to Pravda. The flood from the U. S. means severe competition for Canadian periodicals, but the O'Leary commission could see no way of protecting them without restricting the free flow of information, and this it was determined not to do. So if every recommendation of the O'Leary report were to become law, Time would still have free access to Canada with as much Canadian news as it thinks worth printing.

The only restriction proposed is directed against a form of commercial dumping that is, the commission found, unique in all the world.

This is the dumping of costly editorial material, virtually free of charge, as a means of selling advertising space.

Time's "Canadian" edition is about one-tenth Canadian in content, and nine-tenths a reprint of its U. S. parent. For this material, according to its own audited accounts, Time of Canada pays to the U. S. head office less than a cent a copy. Time spokesmen testified that these bookkeeping reports were not actually true, and that the real cost of the Canadian edition is higher, but the O'Leary report remarks: "We find it difficult not to accept the audited financial statements of the company."

With their editorial content thus cheaply supplied, Time and the Reader's Digest (which is similarly provided from the U. S.) offer a kind of foreign competition that Canadian periodicals can hardly meet. Canadian publishers have argued, and the O'Leary commission has agreed, that they cannot survive it much longer. And since the O'Leary commission also believes that "a periodical press is essential to the Canadian nation, no more to be produced for us by outlanders than our statute books," it has suggested certain means of correcting a unique and intolerable situation.

Two governments of Canada, drawn from opposing political parties, have indicated that they agree in principle with the commission's appraisal of the problem. The present government is now considering what should be done about it. This, and no more than this, is what all the fuss is about.

MAILBAG: Grounds for a happy "mutual relationship" / Obnoxious Canadians in Europe

Seldom have I read a more spurious or illogical thesis than Rev. Ray Goodall's Let's Disqualify Adultery as Grounds for Divorce (For the Sake of Argument, July 1), nor one likely to do more harm to the institution of marriage. Like most churchmen, Mr. Goodall evidently considers marriage as something innately sacred and divinely inspired. It is nothing of the sort. It is simply a legal recognition of a mutual relationship between the sexes, a social contract. Its primary object is the preservation of the moral and physical health of the community and the happiness resulting from a loving and faithful union. The two elements, faithfulness and love, are inseparable. When either is destroyed marriage becomes a mockery and, in most cases, is better dissolved. To say that infidelity, when undiscovered, does no harm is a complete begging of the question. It is almost invariably discovered and Mr. Goodall would presumably condemn the injured party to continue to live in marriage with the unfaithful spouse; surely a cruel perversion of natural justice!—R. H. MANN, RIVESTOKE, B.C.

✓ I agree with much that Rev. Ray Goodall had to say but would like to take issue on one part of his article. He says, "As one of the characters in a recent Canadian novel remarks" and goes on to quote verbatim an excerpt from Anne Morrow Lindbergh's book Gift from the Sea, which is neither a novel nor does it have "characters" in it nor is Mrs. Lindbergh a Canadian.—MRS. A. HAGEN, WYNDLE, B.C.

Mr. Goodall says: "My memory is poor. The quotation should have been attributed to Anne Morrow Lindbergh's Gift from the Sea."

✓ In the second paragraph we find the

author stating that he is a Christian minister, and in almost the next breath he makes it abundantly clear that he regards the Bible as some sort of collection of fables conjured up by ancient religious elders. It would seem that the word "Christian" is fast becoming one of those words that the modern world—including many modern clergy—toss about very lightly.—NORMAN BUTT, NAKUSP, B.C.

Not-so-innocents abroad

As a Canadian living abroad, I read with interest Donald Gordon's article Canadians, Stay Home in the June 17 issue. I am glad that someone has finally taken time to point out that our good name in Europe is in danger of becoming very badly tarnished. Canadians are far too indoctrinated at home by the story that they are better liked



in Europe than Americans, and that they are immediately distinguishable by their natural inborn diplomacy. There are just as many obnoxious Canadians drifting around the continent as Americans. Europeans are just beginning to realize that two nationalities come breezing over to visit them from North America, and some day they are going to realize that some of those loud-talk-

ing Americans with all the money are Canadians.—JOAN HENNESSEY, DOUAI (NORD), FRANCE.

The Kennedys in Canada

The photographs of the Kennedys are colorful and attractive (Presidential Party, July 1), but they should not have been allowed to dominate the July 1 issue to the exclusion of practically all Canadian material related to Dominion Day. The only reference I noticed to our national holiday was a passing mention in the editorial.—MERLE STOREY, OTTAWA.

✓ Did both the President and Mrs. Kennedy reverse their hair styles for your July 1 cover?—JANET FINGARSON, WILLOWDALE, ONT.

They didn't. We did.

Posterity for Coyne?

Maybe James Coyne is nuts (I am no economist) but, sir, I salute him because he says what he means and means what he says (James Coyne and the Great Debate: Is Canada Possible?, July 1). A man who has the courage of his convictions and speaks out will be remembered long after all the pussy-footing, mealy-mouthed politicians have received their just deserts: oblivion.—DR. H. OSBORN, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N.S.

A life saved by the death penalty?

I read with interest lawyer Vaughan Baird's article, Enter Two Murderers, as told to Ralph Hedlin in the June 17 issue of Maclean's. If I understand him correctly Mr. Baird stated that he owes his life to the fact that he was able to persuade the two escaped convicts that

if he was shot by them not only one but both of them would hang. Now the question that I would like to ask Mr. Baird is: Where would you be today, sir, if the death penalty had been abolished?—L. D. SHEARDOWN, GRAND CENTRE, ALTA.

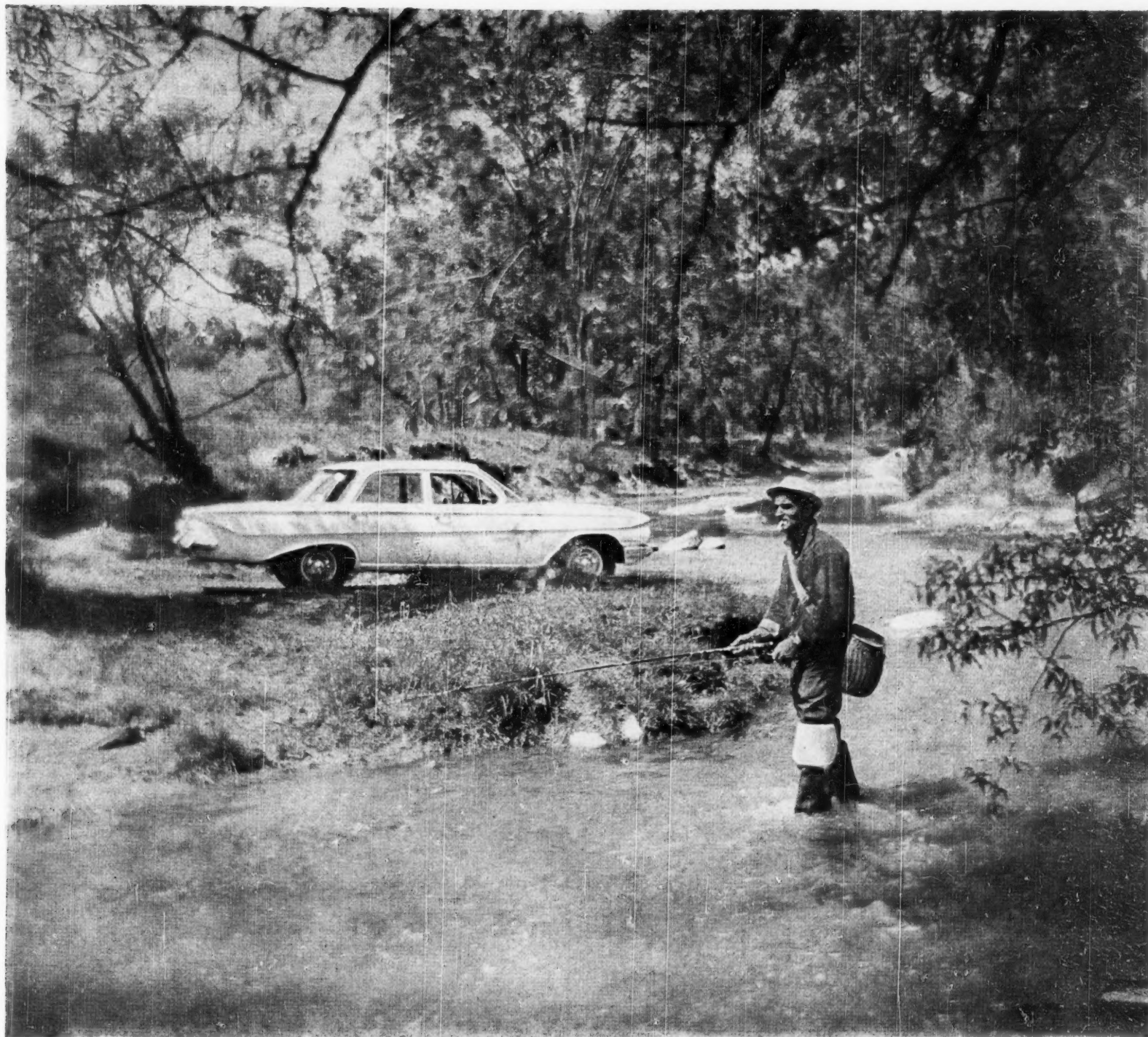
The U.S. wins again

In Footnotes (Background, July 1) you state that Canada with 10 women out of 365 parliamentarians is "ahead of the United States" (15 women out of 435) in women in politics. I think you



are wrong. By my calculations 10/365 is approximately 2.7% while 15/435 is 3.4%. It seems to me, then, that Canada is 0.7% behind the United States.—THOMAS J. MESSENGER, CALGARY.

Our figures on Congress were wrong; they should read "15 women out of 537 (not 435)." But reader Messenger is still right. The percentages are: Canada — 2.73%, the U.S. — 2.79%. ★



The man that got away

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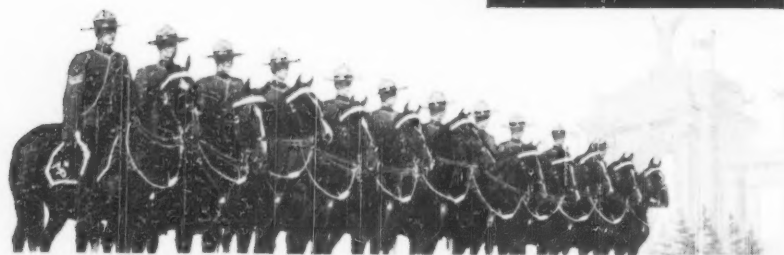
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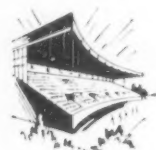
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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

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MACLEAN'S

Colin Cameron was a CCF member of the B. C. legislature from 1937 to 1945 and was MP for Nanaimo from 1953 to 1958.



FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT COLIN CAMERON SAYS

The New Party will die if it's a mere liberal splinter

THE NEW PARTY will go the way of other progressive movements if it is turned into a neo-liberal party.

There are many of us who, after many years of promoting the socialist idea through the CCF, hailed the idea of a new party in which the CCF and the trade union movement could merge their political efforts. It seemed to us to be a sign that the Canadian labor movement was at last coming to realize that it must follow in the footsteps of labor in Britain and help build a party committed to a radical transformation of the economy. We also agreed that such a party must be free from narrow hair-splitting socialist doctrine and time-worn clichés, and endeavor to enlist as large a section of the public as possible in this task of remolding Canadian society.

But since the plans for the New Party got under way, some misgivings have arisen, not only among CCF supporters but also among many sections of the union movement—doubts as to the purposes of some who have played an important part in formulating those plans. In positions of power and influence, in both the CCF and the unions, are men who see the New Party in terms of a mildly leftist liberalism rather than as a new political force to guide Canada through the revolution of our times.

Public ownership is just that

This trend became evident at the "seminars" held in various parts of the country. Papers prepared for discussion at these gatherings revealed a strong tendency to back away from any consideration of a basic social transformation. The emphasis was on better labor legislation, more generous pensions, better housing and improved health services—all the apparatus of the welfare state.

It is true that passing mention was made of the possibility of public ownership of some monopolies such as utilities but this was coupled with the declaration that public ownership should no longer occupy a central position and with warnings against "public ownership for the sake of public ownership." This phrase, an increasingly popular one in some New Party circles, may have a meaning, but if so it is one that has always escaped this writer. There seems to be in it the implication that socialists have advocated public and co-operative ownership just for the hell of it, rather than as a means to an end. In a public address in Calgary six months ago, Premier Douglas of Saskatchewan hammered with great emphasis on the theme that while the policies of the CCF had been appropriate to the Hungry

Thirties, they are largely irrelevant and inapplicable to the "affluent society" of today. Following very closely the line set out with such beguiling wit by Professor John Kenneth Galbraith in his book of that name, Douglas told his audience that today we should not be so much concerned with the ownership of productive facilities as with the distribution of the wealth produced, much more of which must be channeled into the "public sector" and less to the "private sector." But like Professor Galbraith, Premier Douglas stopped short of telling us how this is to be achieved within the confines of an economic organization that leaves the surplus wealth in private hands whose interest in the public sector is minimal to say the least.

More recently Premier Douglas expressed similar views in Victoria. In his inimitably witty style he drew the old analogy between a capitalist economy and a cream separator. He described some of the workers filling the bowl with raw materials while others turn the handle of industrial manufacture, only to find that the owner monopolizes the cream spout. But at this point Douglas made haste to assure his audience that the New Party has no desire or intention of taking the separator away from its owner—"all we want is some of the cream."

But he failed to tell us how the owner is to be persuaded to install a bypass to carry the cream out the skim-milk spout into the waiting mouths of the workers. While Douglas and those of like mind are warning us of the folly of "public ownership for the sake of public ownership," they would do well to ponder the fact that the owners of private industry have a similar aversion to "private ownership for the sake of private ownership." They want the cream, not the fun of owning the separator.

Premier Douglas is not alone as an apostle for the new socialist gospel according to St. John Galbraith. Stanley Knowles, formerly a CCF MP and now executive vice-president of the Canadian Labor Congress and chairman of the New Party Committee, recently published a book under the simple but authoritative title *The New Party*. In it we find that one of the primary reasons for the formation of a new political party is to restore public confidence in parliament, shattered, according to Knowles, by the degeneration of the Conservative and Liberal parties into "tweedledum and tweedledee." One who does not share Stanley Knowles's intense preoccupation with parliament and its procedures may be pardoned for doubting if the general public is as concerned. CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

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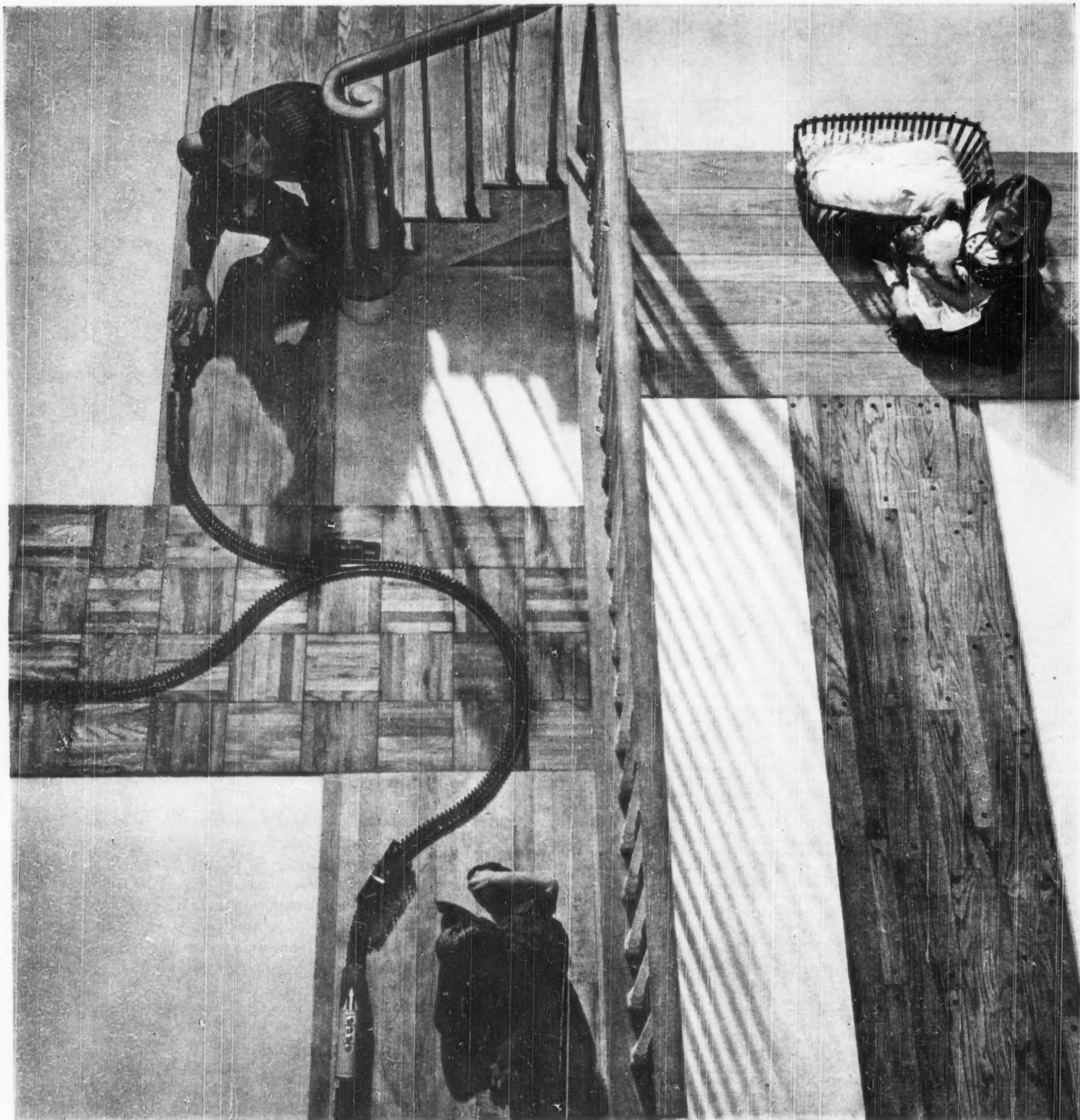
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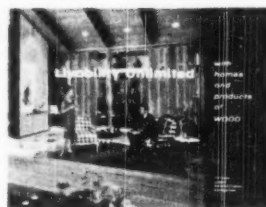
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Tim Buck, who rose to the party leadership on Stalin's coattails, had to do a turnabout four years ago: to keep his hold, he denounced Joseph Stalin.

THE SLOW COMEBACK OF CANADA'S COMMUNISTS

BY DAVID LEWIS STEIN

Tim Buck, the jaunty former machinist who is, at seventy, the oldest Communist leader in the world, will step down from the leadership of the Communist Party of Canada at the end of this year. His successor will inherit an organization that almost destroyed itself four years ago but is now unified, active, and anxious to rebuild its political influence

The cannibalistic inner-party struggle of 1956 and 1957 drove out the party's popular leaders, shattered its support among Jews and French Canadians and shrivelled the membership from 4,000 to 2,000, but it did not destroy the party. For a year the Communists convalesced in silence, but since 1959 they have more than doubled their membership, organized a Marxist Study Centre, reorganized their youth section and revived their French-language newspaper.

"Communists' influence will be in direct proportion to our membership," says Leslie Morris, the party's silver-haired secretary of education. The party claims 6,000 members but probably has closer to 4,500, organized in 631 clubs from Quebec to British Columbia, with the heaviest concentrations in Ontario, Winnipeg and Vancouver. Here is a reasonable summary of their influence at present:

IN TRADE UNIONS affiliated with the Canadian Labor Congress there are no Communist leaders — the CLC constitution bars them — and almost no Communist influence among the rank and file. Two B.C. unions with a total membership of 7,600 have Communist leaders and are

therefore excluded from the B.C. Federation of Labor, a CLC affiliate. Two large national unions, excluded from the Canadian Labor Congress because they do not bar Communists from their leadership, face troubles that could destroy them.

AMONG VOTERS, the high point of CP influence was 1946 — one MP, three MLAs, four aldermen and four school trustees were in office — and the low point was 1958 when the Communists had only one alderman and one school trustee, both elected from Winnipeg's run-down and radical north end. In 1960, the north end added a second Communist to the city council and a second Communist to the school board, raising the total of elected Communists to four.

INSIDE "PROGRESSIVE" ORGANIZATIONS, CP influence is still strong, but non-Communist membership in these organizations is fading. Once the party's greatest source of strength, they are now its biggest problem.

Appraising these facts, Tim Buck sits in his spacious, wood-paneled office on the second floor of the party's national office in Toronto, and professes to see "a new political ferment that is bound to affect the fortunes of our party." Buck's step is still bouncy, his blue eyes are still clear and his melodious voice can still move the faithful, but at the party's next convention he will kick himself upstairs to a speaking and writing job. Below him is an old guard almost as elderly as Buck himself, and a young guard that lacks a conspicuous public figure. They are the tough, doctrinaire survivors of the fight that tore the party apart four years ago.

The fight began when Canadian Communists suddenly discovered how many crimes the Russians had hidden from them and how insignificant their party was to the Russian leaders. The fight centred around two men — Tim Buck, the orthodox bureaucrat, and J. B. Salsberg, the emotional rebel — but was more than

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

THE RIVERS OF CANADA:



The Ottawa

"Next to the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa is the most historical river in Canada, so important in the nation's development that it is hard to imagine that Canada could have come into being without it"

BY HUGH MacLENNAN

PAINTING BY JACQUES DE TONNANCOUR

NOT LONG AGO the Supreme Court of Canada brought down a ruling in one of the most complex and romantic cases ever to come before a Canadian bench, and the Ottawa River was the cause of it.

A few years ago the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario decided to build a dam in the Des Joachims region of the Ottawa, despite the protests of some of the lumbering interests. Now the dam is finished and the Ottawa has a new lake, an artificial one some ninety miles long. As the river's current is dead in the lake, the lumbermen must now tow their logs in barrel booms instead of driving them, and this increases their costs. Naturally they took action for compensation. They lost their case, on the general ruling that a river is available to anyone who can use it.

It is unlikely, however, that any of the participants guessed, at the beginning of this case, into what entanglements the ancient history of the Ottawa would lead them before the affair was settled.

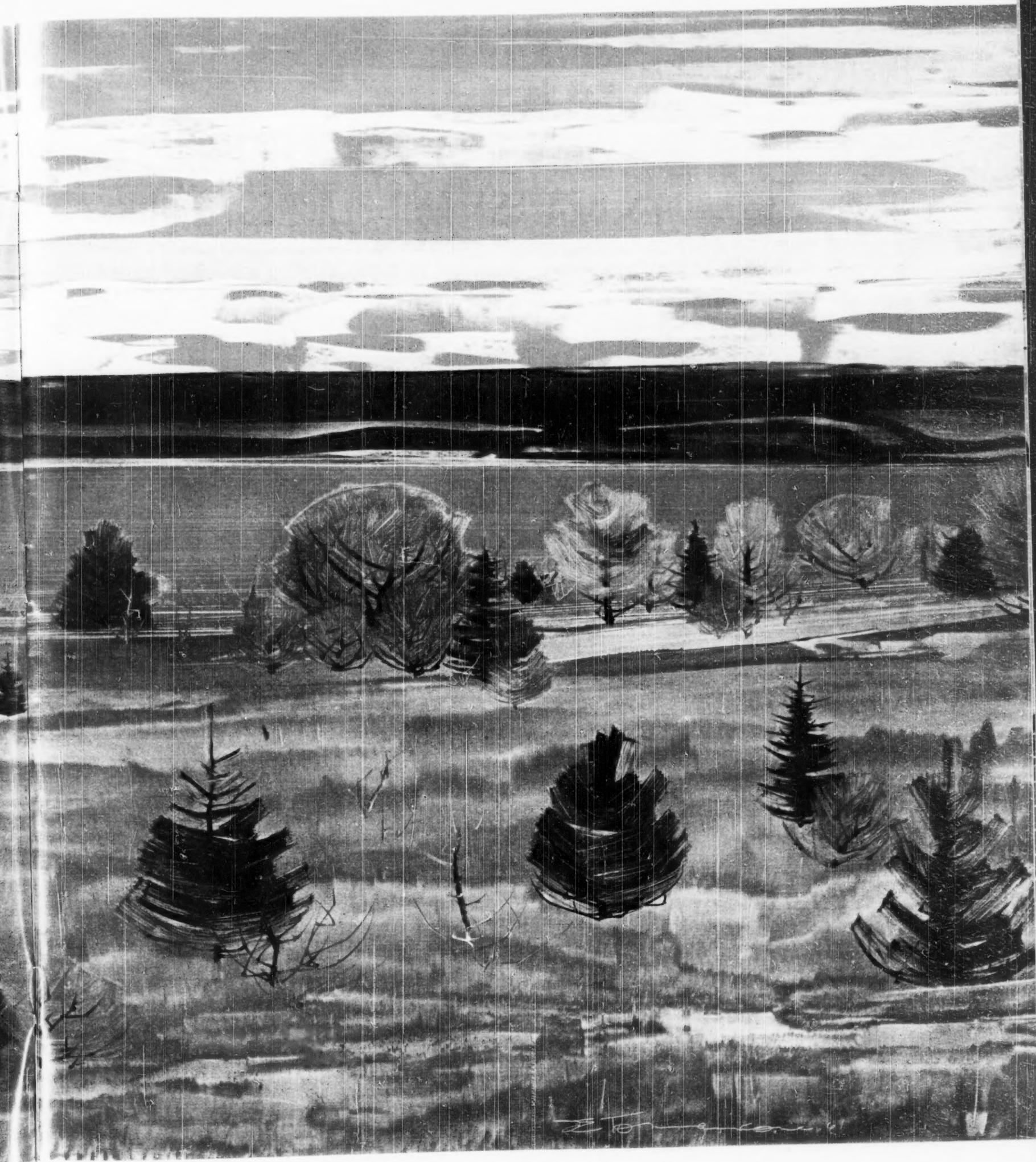
For the Ottawa in this section not only belongs equally to Quebec and Ontario; many of the rights along the river depend on leases older than Confederation. Here, as is inevitable, the English Common Law practised in Ontario clashes with the Civil Code of Quebec. Nor is this all, for the history of log driving happens to be much older than Canada. Indeed this practice, which so many Canadians assume is native, goes all the way back to Biblical times:

"And Hiram sent unto Solomon, saying . . . I will do all thy desire concerning timber of cedar and concerning timber of fir. My servants shall bring them from Lebanon unto the sea; and I will convey them by floats unto the place that thou shalt appoint me."

Log driving, so far as is known, was never practised by the Romans or by the men

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40





JULY 29, 1961

THIS LIFETIME IN CANADA

The best of Ralph Allen's remarkable new book,

ORDEAL BY FIRE

VIMY AND PASSCHENDAELE: CANADA'S BRAVEST AND BLACKEST HOURS



At Vimy Ridge in 1917 Canada's forces won this nation's most renowned victory. But the heroic memory was almost buried in the dismal swamp with the lovely name—Passchendaele

BY RALPH ALLEN

ON THE NORTHERN PLAIN of France, standing above slag heaps and beneath an overcast of smoke from the coal towns of Lille and Lens, two high columns of stone leap up from the summit of a long hill. Nearly any spring or summer day within the last forty years it has been possible to see a tourist or two, or perhaps ten or twenty or a hundred, walking carefully up the long, not very steep hill, up the steps to the shafts of stone, stopping to take a photograph or two and then going back down the hill. Often there will be a greying and mildly complaining woman in tow. A boy or a girl might be there as well, grandchildren now most likely, children in the earlier years.

The place these people have come to is the ridge of Vimy. Though there are other places a good deal like Vimy Ridge on the industrial plains of northern Europe, there is none the same in the heart and history of Canada. Here in April 1917 the Canadian Corps fought and won a great though largely fruitless battle.

George V and Sir Arthur Currie, commander of the Canadian Corps, inspect Vimy Ridge after its cap-

Here their country learned to its great pride and faint dismay that it had become an important factor in the destiny of nations.

The Vimy Ridge in 1917 stood at the heart of an escarpment, seven miles long, on which the Germans had anchored their whole position in northern Europe. Like Ypres and Verdun, Vimy was already a celebrated place-name. The Germans had dug in there in 1914. The French had tried to dislodge them in 1915. Now, in April of 1917, the ridge had both a military and a spiritual meaning. It was part of a complex of forts, redoubts, dormitories, parlors and passageways that in contrast to the muddy wallows of Ypres and the Somme seemed almost luxurious. On the high dry ground of the escarpment and the slopes leading up to it, the Germans had had two full years in which to build and improve their permanent trenches. Here the Hollywood version of a Prussian battalion commander with his monocle, his bird and his bottle was not only possible but occasionally true.

Behind the front CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

ture by the Canadians. Among the prizes taken by the victors were the two German howitzers below.



ESP

CLAIRVOYANCE
TELEPATHY
PRECOGNITION

First report on extrasensory powers among Canadians

A young and still contradictory "science" may be on the threshold of the most exciting discoveries ever made about the human mind. Here is a science writer's account of the present state of this serious study of the mind's magic, and his report on the first survey of these powers among Canadians

BY SIDNEY KATZ

Maclean's Associate Editor

ON THE MORNING of July 7, 1959, Mrs. Madeleine Andress, a 47-year-old Ontario teacher, was asleep in her bed in the Brockville General Hospital where she was a patient. She had a horrible dream. The scene was an uncompleted stretch of highway twenty-two miles away near the Ivy Lea Bridge, which traverses the St. Lawrence River. She could distinctly see her twenty-year-old son Gary in a ditch, splattered with mud and blood. His car was a total wreck.

Mrs. Andress was frantic when she awoke. She said to her nurse, "Phone the police and make sure that Gary is all right." Failing to reassure her that "it was only a dream," the nurse put through the call.

The records of the Brockville detachment of the Ontario Provincial Police show that the call was received on July 7 at 9.32 a.m. Constable Leonard Reid checked the night logbook, then sent out a cruiser to investigate the scene of the reported accident.

He called back to the hospital: "Tell Mrs. Andress to stop worrying. There have been no accidents in the vicinity. Anyway, the high-

way she referred to isn't even open to the public yet. The road crew is still paving it."

Late in the evening of July 10—three days later — Gary, with two friends, was speeding home to tell his mother about the new job he had landed. To save time, he decided to short-cut through the new highway, still under construction. In the darkness, he failed to see a parked road-paving machine and ran smack into it. When the police arrived, they found the two passengers dead. Gary was lying in the ditch, unconscious and seriously injured, in the very spot where his mother had reported the mishap three days earlier.

Such well-authenticated cases, in which the human mind has been able to bridge the gap of time and space, are so numerous that Dr. Gardner Murphy, research director of the Menninger Foundation and ex-president of the American Psychological Association, says: "We are standing on the threshold of a huge, unknown world."

Dr. Gardner was referring to the field of parapsychology, which encompasses "Psi" or "paranormal" experiences which, at our pres-

ent state of understanding, can be compared to magic and witchcraft. After years of observation and experiment, a growing number of serious scientists, headed by Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University, believe the following Psi powers exist in many otherwise normal human beings:

PRECOGNITION: Some people can accurately predict events before they happen.

CLAIRVOYANCE: Some people can "see," in every detail, events happening in places far away.

TELEPATHY: Some people can "see" into the minds of other people and know what they're thinking and feeling.

These three phenomena — precognition, clairvoyance and telepathy — are known as ESP or extrasensory perception. A related phenomenon is:

PSYCHOKINESIS (PK): Some people, by mental prowess, can influence matter.

The claim that some people have one or more of these powers is rejected by the majority of contemporary scientists, because Psi can't be explained by any existing scientific theories.

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SPECIAL ESP SECTION

The day the ESP scientists tested me **page 12**

Barbara Moon calls on Dr. J. B. Rhine at his Duke University laboratory

ESP among Canadians: a gallery **page 14**

Eight men and women who have had extrasensory experiences tell their stories

Do you have the ESP power of precognition? **page 19**

Now you can find out: the first national test of ESP ability appears here. Fill in your IBM card, attached following page 16, to take part in this simple experiment



Rhine, a grey and bushy-browed 65-year-old, says that his study of the mind's magical powers may be the West's best answer to Communist materialism.

ESP The day the ESP scientists tested me

A Maclean's staff writer calls on the international leader of ESP research, Dr. J. B. Rhine, at his parapsychology laboratory and learns that while some people may have unexplained powers, in her case there are no powers to explain

BY BARBARA MOON



PSYCHOKINESIS

is the ability to control objects without touching them—mind over matter. Here lab workers score Miss Moon's control over dice. She has no control.

I RECENTLY SPENT TWO DAYS at the parapsychology laboratory of Duke University in Durham, N.C., where Dr. J. B. Rhine — a vigorous sixty-five-year-old with silver hair and small, shrewd eyes under beetling eyebrows — has spent the past thirty-three years in an almost unfriended attempt to put the study of telepathy, clairvoyance and other such sleights-of-mind on a respectable scientific footing. It has been a struggle, but he and his associates have had a modest success and one of the first things Rhine told me when I presented myself at nine o'clock on a hot June morning was that a couple of years ago a letter from Japan exiguously addressed to "Hon. Research, North Carolina" had been forwarded directly to the laboratory.

He presented this incident as a function of growing reputation rather than of telepathy, so I was not unduly surprised when he asked me to remind him of exactly what I was there to do.

I said my instructions from home office were to submit to the laboratory procedures he and his staff have developed for determining the existence and extent of a subject's extrasensory powers.

Rhine said kindly, "The press has been our great friend through the years. They have taken an interest. The public, too, has accepted us. Our work is more important now than ever before. The existence of a faculty in man that cannot be mechanically ex-

plained is the Western world's best answer to dialectical materialism. Our greatest difficulties have come from our professional colleagues who are inclined to be, shall we say, conservative. But now we are beginning to attract worthwhile young people at the student level. They write to ask how to prepare for study in parapsychology and we try to help them as best we can. We have to weed out a number who are, shall we say, too *high-strung* in their interest."

He excused himself, looking thoughtful, and presently I was joined by his assistant director, Dr. J. Gaither Pratt, a bespectacled man with a fussy manner, and a bow tie clipped to his shirt pocket. "Our experiments have revealed that ESP and its allied effects are normal capacities which are basically unconscious in their operation," he said briskly. "Our emphasis is no longer upon proving ESP but on learning something about its nature. Among other things we are trying to find the best conditions for its operation and we have done experiments with light versus dark rooms, with hypnotism, with alcohol and drugs, and with game situations. Some of our subjects work best when they are relaxed and others when they concentrate. But sometimes efforts to achieve a good score in a test produce a significant trend in the opposite direction — the so-called psi-missing effect. Various things can affect a subject's scoring, among them bore-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45



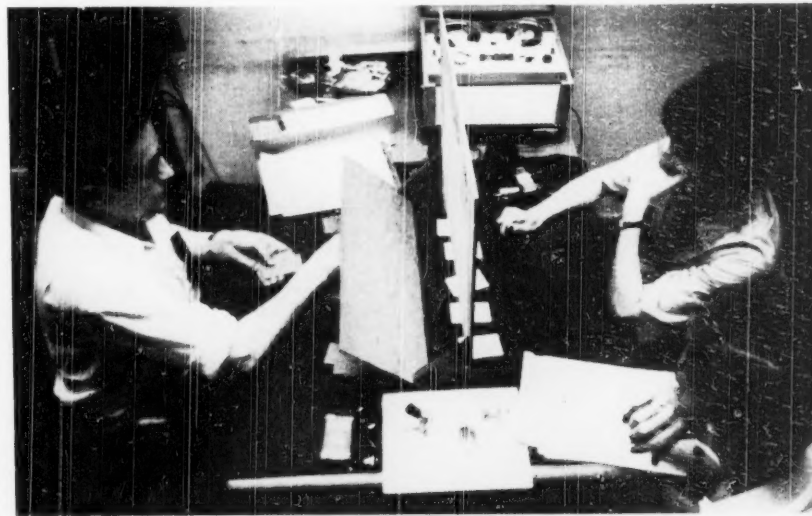
PRECOGNITION

is knowledge of the future. Working with a table of random numbers, a lab worker tests her (low) score.



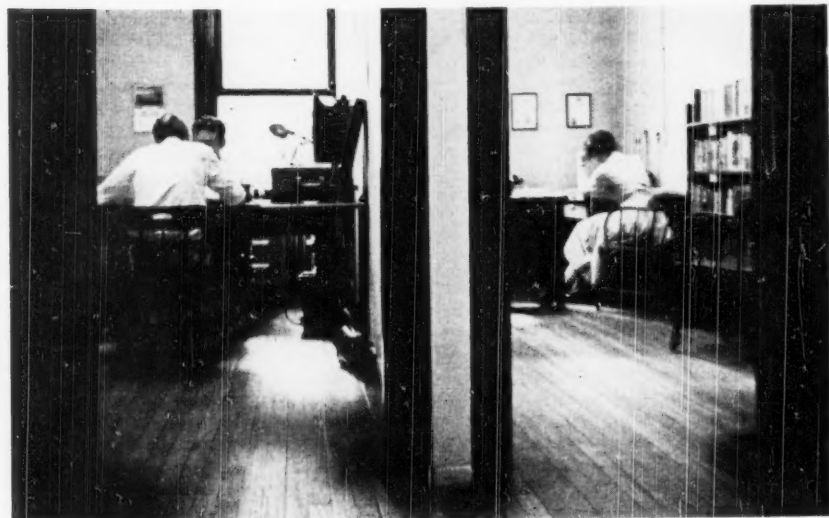
DOWN-THROUGH ESP

is the ability to see "down through" a series of objects that cover one another—here, a stacked deck of ESP cards. Her score: slightly lower than pure chance.



SCREENED TOUCH MATCHING

is, again, a test of the ability (or lack of it) to visualize objects you can't actually see. Her score, again, was a little below the workings of chance.



GENERAL ESP

is a double test that measures either telepathy or clairvoyance; a high score can indicate either. Miss Moon sat in a separate room. Her score was low.



HOW SHE REACTED TO THE TESTS

Here, a lab man hooks up a polygraph, a device that measures respiration, blood pressure, electroencephalic level, etc. Reactions vivid, scores still low.

ESP AMONG CANADIANS: A GALLERY

Eight men and women from across the country who have had extrasensory experiences tell their stories

PRECOGNITION

MRS. RAYMOND FORGIE, TORONTO
Housewife

My husband and I knew absolutely nothing about horse races until we went to the track a few times before the end of the season two years ago. That winter I began to have frequent dreams — all of them about horses and racing.

One of the first ones was about a horse named Hauteur. He was to appear in the second race, bring in the highest possible daily double and be the longest shot on the board. The next morning I told my husband and he laughed because evidently Hauteur was a much better class of horse than the \$2,500 claimers that usually ran in the second race.

Well, it happened that three days before the track closed, Hauteur was listed to run in the second race for the first time that season. I was shaking. My husband was so impressed he wanted to take time off from his job and go to the track to place a bet. I discouraged him. "Don't be silly — it was only a dream." But Hauteur was the longest shot on the board that day and did bring in the largest possible daily double. I wish someone could explain this to me.

Later, I used a number combination that came to me in a dream and won a daily double worth \$611. I win pretty consistently, following the tips that come to me in my sleep. I seldom place more than \$2 on a horse. Once I dreamed that a trainer named "M. Long" was a lucky person to bet on. I had never heard the name before and didn't know who the man was. Several days later I read in the paper that he was a trainer and that his horses were having a lot of success.

All of this floors me. It gives me a creepy feeling. I wish I had never had that first, unforgettable dream about Hauteur.



PSYCHOKINESIS

REX LORING, TORONTO
CBC announcer

I'm no authority on weird and strange happenings. I'm not even particularly interested in them. But I can clearly recall two experiences I had when I was living with my grandmother as a boy that still baffle me.

At two o'clock one morning half a dozen plates went hurtling down from a shelf and smashed into small pieces on the floor. There was no reason for this to have happened. There were no earth tremors and the plates were firmly held in place by a strip of molding. My grandmother awoke and promptly announced, "I must dress and go to mother's house. She has just died." She was right.

The plates were replaced by new ones. About six months later, again in the middle of the night, they went flying to the floor and broke into smithereens. This time my grandmother said, "My sister has just passed away." Again, she was right.

Incidents such as these, I'm told, are caused by poltergeists — noisy ghosts or spirits that make their presence felt by knocking or throwing things around. Were the plates, on these two occasions, moved by the spirits of grandmother's mother and sister? I don't know. I do know that the plates did fall for no apparent reason.

CLAIRVOYANCE

MRS. P. P. WADE, KESWICK, ONTARIO
Housewife

My family and I locked up our home and left town for a two-week vacation. On a Thursday night, I had a dream in which I could vividly see a burglar breaking a glass panel on the front door, opening the lock, and going inside the house.

I was so distressed that I woke my husband. He was annoyed at me. "Go back to sleep," he said. I couldn't sleep. All that morning I continued to feel uneasy. By afternoon, I couldn't bear it any longer and persuaded my husband to drive back to town to check on our home.

As I walked up the path to my home I could see that a glass panel of the front door had been smashed. Before either of us could say a word, a detective stepped out of the house. "I'm sorry to have to tell you that your house was broken into last night," he said.

Our house has been robbed during our absence twice, and both times I was aware of it. It's a weird experience. I can't understand how it happened. Reports of both crimes are in the police records.



PSYCHOKINESIS

HELEN BRENS, MONTREAL
Design draftsman

I returned home after being out one night. I didn't bother switching on the lights. I could walk up the stairs, which are in the dining room, to my bedroom, in the dark. Suddenly I became aware that somebody was standing against the wall at the foot of the stairs. I couldn't actually see him but I was certain of it.

I wasn't too frightened. I was certain it must have been Dad who had got up to check on the front door and, hearing me come, decided he was going to have some fun and scare me for wandering around in the dark. I remember as I started up the stairs I moved over to one side to avoid bumping into him. But when I reached the exact spot I realized there was nobody there. Dad was asleep in bed. For some reason, the joy and excitement vanished suddenly.

Some years after, a friend of mine who is a sea captain came to visit me. He told me that his ship had been torpedoed. He and fifteen of his men managed to get on a raft. After several days there were only three survivors left, including my friend. The rest had become exhausted and were swept into the sea. I asked my friend what he thought about during the final hours before his rescue? "One of my most comforting thoughts," he said, "was imagining myself standing in your dining room at the foot of your dining-room stairs watching you and your family go through the daily routine of living." As nearly as I could make out, he was on the raft at the time my experience took place.

I ask you — was it a trick of the imagination or was there someone standing at the foot of the stairs that night?



CLAIRVOYANCE, PRECOGNITION

MRS. EVELYN COX, VANCOUVER
Secretary

In southern England during the war, an army captain whom I knew slightly received notice that he was being posted to a Midlands town. I told him I could "see" a room that had blue and white willow-pattern plates ranged around its walls, which were paneled with dark wood. Later he wrote to tell me he had been billeted in an old mansion and, on entering the officers' mess, found himself in the room I had described.

Another time, I was having a glass of wine with a Canadian soldier in a London pub when I saw a vision of a farmhouse with a light brown roof, fronted by a sloping lawn in the middle of which was a well. I mentioned that I could not logically connect the scene with Canada because of the well but that I felt it was somewhere in his country. He laughed and told me that I had described the house correctly, except that the roof was covered with dark, weather-stained shingles. Shortly afterwards, he received a letter from his father telling him that the roof had been reshingled.

Later, I dreamed I was walking along a Canadian road to meet this same soldier's father for the first time. I was annoyed because I could see him ahead but he remained motionless instead of coming to greet me. The soldier laughed when I told him, "That's just like my father! Whenever he meets anyone for the first time he wants to watch them walking. He judges them by their walk."



PRECOGNITION

PATRICIA YOUNG, VANCOUVER
Novelist, broadcaster

When I was fifteen and living in England, I had a dream in which I saw myself in a foreign hospital being held down in bed while I struggled for my sanity. I awoke with the strongest feeling that I wouldn't live beyond my thirty-fifth year.

This dream was to recur for the next nineteen years. I was engaged to be married a few times but I couldn't go through with it. I couldn't visualize a future. The premonition of the foreign hospital grew steadily stronger.

I came to Canada in 1947 to do radio work

in Vancouver. Although I was offered several tempting jobs in New York during the next four years, I turned them down. Somehow, I felt that the United States might be the foreign country in my dreams.

By 1951, I was able to laugh at my strange dream and finally took a job in New York. I worked there for five years. I visited a doctor once a year for a checkup and he pronounced my health as excellent. On New Year's Eve of my thirty-fifth year, I remembered the dream again and laughed. I confided in a friend and we decided that I had beaten the jinx.

A few months later I had trouble with my eyes. After several examinations by a specialist

I found myself in a neurological hospital, being prepared for surgery. A brain tumor had been discovered.

The events that followed were familiar to me because I had dreamed them all so many times. For three months between March and June of my thirty-fifth year, I lay on my death bed in hospital, struggling for my sanity and my life. In July, my sister came from Vancouver to take me home. The struggle continued for several more months. By New Year's Eve, I knew that I would live.

I had kept my nineteen-year-old date with death, battled with him and won. The dream of the foreign hospital has never recurred.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

ESP GALLERY

continued

The CBC series **ESP**, for which these case histories were gathered, may be heard every Friday night at 10.30 on the Trans-Canada radio network until September 29. On October 1, at 5 p.m., a special program will announce the results of the **MACLEAN'S-IBM** precognition test.



PRECOGNITION

JOHN HAMILTON, VICTORIA, B.C.

Retired paymaster

Through experience, I've learned that when I get a hunch I should pay attention to it or else I'll be in trouble. Like the time a strong premonition urged me to get off an aircraft about to leave Kemano for Vancouver.

It was the afternoon of October 17, 1951. I had finished my job at Kemano and I took a motor launch from the dock to the plane — a Canso. My bag was stored away. I was shown to my seat, and I sat reading, waiting for the plane to take off. After about twenty minutes, I was overtaken by a peculiar feeling of unrest. I walked to the door of the ship. On the dock was a small group of people. I was told that some VIP had to get back to town in a hurry and that somebody would have to get off the plane. However, I was assured that it wouldn't be me because I had a priority ticket.

Right at that moment the urge to get off the plane struck me like a blow on the head. I went back in the plane, picked up my book and asked a crewman to get me my luggage. He said that would mean some unpacking; couldn't I pick up my bag at the Vancouver terminal? I insisted. "If I don't get it now I'll never get it," I explained. I finally got my luggage and transferred it and myself to a CPR ship.

Once aboard ship, I had a feeling of great relief. It was as though I was walking on air. Shortly after, I met a fellow passenger — a young man who had been forced off the aircraft to accommodate the VIP. He was disgruntled. "Don't worry," I told him. "You'll get there faster by this boat."

The next morning at breakfast we learned by radio that the Canso had crashed into Mount Benson and there were no survivors among the twenty-three people aboard. The young man recalled my prediction of the previous day and asked me how I knew. "I don't know," I said. "It was only a hunch." I can't explain it — I only know that I unquestioningly obey all my hunches.

CLAIRVOYANCE, PRECOGNITION, TELEPATHY

MRS. PAUL READING, THORNHILL, ONTARIO

Housewife

During my lifetime, I have received many messages or signals that are a little unusual.

Once, when we were in the country, a girl who came to do some work for us told me that she had lost an envelope containing her wages. She had been paid on a Saturday and had walked home over the mountain, a distance of perhaps a mile. On Sunday, she had retraced her steps over the entire distance without finding any trace of the money. I told her not to fret, that the money would be found near her house but not on the ground. It was about three or four feet up.

Next day she told me that she had found her money in a bush, a few feet in the air, close by the back steps leading to her home. Since I had never been to her house, I was just as surprised as anyone.

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When my husband and I were stationed in San Francisco, I tried for several months to locate my sister-in-law who was living somewhere in California. I hadn't seen her or heard from her for twenty-six years. I finally asked advice from the police, who suggested that I should try the Missing Persons Bureau. I didn't like to resort to this and finally decided that if she was still living she would get in touch with us. I concentrated on this for ten days. Then my sister-in-law telephoned me from Sacramento. Here's the story she told me:

For some reason, she unexpectedly found herself at the Canadian display booth at the Sacramento fair. She became interested in one of the items on exhibit and asked the attendant where she could get further information about it. "You should write the Canadian consul in San Francisco, Mr. Paul Reading," he said. She phoned us immediately. The reason we couldn't trace her was that she was living with a married daughter whose name we didn't know.

At the present time, I frequently know who is calling me, even on long-distance calls, and have often told the caller the reason for the call. These "messages" come loud and clear. I try to avoid these experiences. I believe we would become mental wrecks if we were in the habit of knowing too much of what was in store for us, whether good or bad. ★



PRECOGNITION
is the power to
foresee
an event before
it happens

ESP

YOU may have this power: test yourself here

Now a simple experiment — the first national ESP experiment in history — will help you to discover whether or not you have any degree of the power known to researchers as precognition

MACLEAN'S IS CONDUCTING this unique test in collaboration with the CBC and the data-processing centre of IBM, with the scientific counsel of the parapsychology laboratory of Duke University. Your reply, and those of other Maclean's readers, will provide the information for the first attempt at a mass measurement of the power of precognition among the people of any country. Your own score will be mailed back to you, entered on your original card. If it indicates that you may have marked powers of precognition, you will be invited to participate in further tests to discover the men or women who have the best prospects of any Canadian to predict future events.

HOW TO PARTICIPATE

The IBM computer-data card at the foot of this page carries a column of ten blank squares. The test is simple: you enter a single numeral in each of the squares — any digit from 0 to 9, in any order. Concentrate on each numeral; enter the numeral you think will match an unknown numeral that will be printed on your card, below your own entry, in the future. The handiest example of this: could you name a winning

ESP

MACLEAN'S - CBC - DUKE UNIVERSITY First national-response ESP experiment

PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS BELOW

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____

PROV. _____

Write a single numeral in each of the ten squares below.

Your target number will be printed below

Check the appropriate squares below

your sex ☒ M ☐ F

your age group ☒

below 20

20 to 29

30 to 39

40 to 49

50 to 59

60 and over

your
score

your result, your card will then be mailed back to you, with the target number printed on it so that you can see how close—or far away—you came. No record of names and addresses will be kept. Each step in the experiment will be under the guidance of Dr. J. B. Rhine and Dr. J. G. Pratt of the parapsychology laboratory at Duke University. Scientific interpretation of the results will be carried out by the laboratory.

3 STEPS

Fill in this card

Detach along
perforation

Mail to **ESP**
(PO address on reverse of card)

This card, with your score determined and recorded by an IBM 1401 solid-state computer, will be mailed to you at the address in this space.

ESP GALLERY

continued



PRECOGNITION

JOHN HAMILTON, VICTORIA, B.C.
Retired paymaster

Through experience, I've learned that when I get a hunch I should pay attention to it or else I'll be in trouble. Like the time a strong premonition urged me to get off an aircraft about to leave Kamano for Vancouver.

It was the afternoon of October 17, 1951. I had finished my job at Kamano and I took a motor launch from the dock to the plane—a Canso. My bag was stored away. I was shown to my seat, and I sat reading, waiting for the plane to take off. After about twenty minutes, I was overtaken by a peculiar feeling of unrest. I walked to the door of the ship. I was a small group of people. I was some VIP had to get back to town and that somebody would have to plane. However, I was assured that he me because I had a priority ticket.

Right at that moment the urgent plane struck me like a blow on my head. I went back in the plane, picked up my bag and asked a crewman to get me my bag. I said that would mean some unpack. I picked up my bag at the Vancouver airport. I insisted, "If I don't get it now I'll be in trouble." I explained, I finally got my bag transferred it and myself to a Canso.

Once aboard ship, I had a feeling of relief. It was as though I was waiting. Shortly after, I met a fellow passenger, a young man who had been forced to accommodate the VIP. He grunted, "Don't worry," I told him I would get there faster by this boat.

The next morning at breakfast was told by the radio that the Canso had crashed into Mount Benson and there were no survivors among the twenty-three people aboard. The young man recalled my prediction of the previous day and asked me how I knew. "I don't know," I said. "It was only a hunch." I can't explain it—I only know that I unquestioningly obey all my hunches.

The CBC series **ESP**, for which these case histories were gathered, may be heard every Friday night at 10.30 on the Trans-Canada radio network until September 29. On October 1, at 5 p.m., a special program will announce the results of the **MACLEAN'S-IBM** precognition test.

CLAIRVOYANCE, PRECOGNITION, TELEPATHY

MRS. PAUL READING, THORNHILL, ONTARIO
Housewife

During my lifetime, I have received many messages or signals that are a little unusual.

Once, when we were in the country, a girl who came to do some work for us told me that she had lost an envelope containing her wages. She had been paid on a Saturday and had walked home over the mountain, a distance of perhaps a mile. On Sunday, she had retraced her steps over the entire distance without finding any trace of the money. I told her not to fret, that the money would be found near her house but not on the ground. It was about three or four feet up.

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tear here

Enclose this IBM card, with the number you have selected clearly entered on the reverse side, in an unsealed envelope (postage two cents). Mail to:

ESP

CBC DEPARTMENT "E"
BOX 500, TERMINAL A
TORONTO, ONTARIO

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So that all replies can be used as the basis for valid scientific observations about precognition in an entire population, the form also asks for your sex and your age group; tick the appropriate box. Print your name and return address in the squared form. This will serve as the return address for forwarding the results of your test to you, and must be legible to reach you. Then mail your card in an unsealed envelope to ESP, at the address on the reverse side of the card.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOUR CARD

The data-processing centre of International Business Machines will run your card through an electronic computer, which will match the numerals you have chosen against a second set of numerals chosen at random *after* you've made your selection. The second set will appear only on your card; there will be a separate target number for every card entered. The laws of chance should give you one matching numeral out of ten; if your score is three matching numerals or more, the computer will assign your card to the group that will be invited to participate in further tests. At the same time, the computer will collate all the test results to arrive at averages, and classify the other facts on the cards. Whatever your result, your card will then be mailed back to you, with the target number printed on it so that you can see how close—or far away—you came. No record of names and addresses will be kept. Each step in the experiment will be under the guidance of Dr. J. B. Rhine and Dr. J. G. Pratt of the parapsychology laboratory at Duke University. Scientific interpretation of the results will be carried out by the laboratory.

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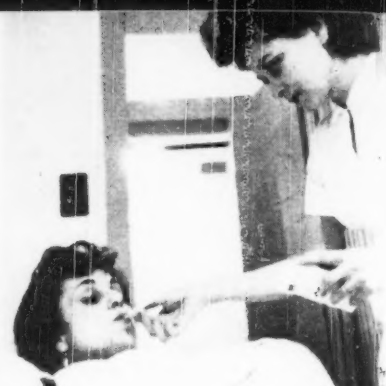
Fill in this card

*Detach along
perforation*

Mail to **ESP**
(PO address on reverse of card)



I check in with manager Edythe Craig at the Don Mills salon in Toronto, one of a chain of shops planned by Paul Pogue.



Can EVERYBODY be beautiful?

Paul Pogue thought so, and did several things about it: a lavish health club for men, then one just like it for women, and now a chain-store line of beauty parlors. A pretty woman tells what he's learned about beauty, from the skin down

BY MARIKA ROBERT

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a beautiful young man who wanted to make other people beautiful, too. His name was Paul Pogue. He had blue eyes and dark hair and gleaming white teeth. But the most beautiful thing about him was his radiant health. He worked very hard to be healthy because he believed that, though health wasn't everything, without health life was nothing.

Paul Pogue's father was a United Church minister. He was big and jovial and Irish. He believed that exercise was as important for the body as religion was for the soul. He surrounded his eight children with flying rings, high bars and trapezes, from which they occasionally fell — breaking wrists, ribs and other parts to the great distress of their mother. All the same it taught them to appreciate Health.

Paul Pogue also learned another thing from his father: "Help people!" So he decided to make it his business to help people become healthy and beautiful.

"Where should I start?" Paul Pogue wondered, walking the streets of Toronto. Then his gaze was caught by scores of tense and tired businessmen carrying the burdens of responsibility on their bowed backs.

"Oh, if they would only exercise a little!" thought Paul Pogue. "If they would only take some time to relax in a steambath and perhaps have themselves rubbed up with salt afterward; if they only had someone who took a personal interest in their health and told them how to develop it, how much better they could look and how much longer they could remain young!"

Now, Paul Pogue had two older brothers. One was Tom, the other one was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26



As I went into the steam cabinet there was someone to feed me a cigarette, and I relaxed as Sophie Kulikowski massaged my feet, face, and hands. Pogue's employees aren't supposed to take tips, the girls told me. That, Pogue says, would make servants of them, when they're actually specialists. Not all of them agree with him.



Peter Tossios washed my hair (left) and set it in rollers. Pogue's operators employ their own assistants to wash hair, if they want help. Tossios does the job himself and makes more money. Friends say Paul Pogue has put the beauty-salon business on a supermarket basis; middlemen says he's cut out their normal markup.



As a finished product Marika felt wonderful — but didn't think her looks had changed at all



Sophie paused to let me examine my face after a 30-minute tissue-firming massage. Pogue has saved his staff steps and effort — and increased the work output — by integrating washbasins and cabinets and thus eliminating delays. Employees work on a percentage rather than a salary; most make more than \$100 a week, some over \$200.



Sophie offered me a cup of coffee while I was under a drier (below). Pogue has made a study of drier techniques. Chairs are in neutral beige or gold, so that a woman in a vivid dress won't feel unhappy about a color clash. As a finished product (right), I felt wonderful, but I didn't think my looks had been changed at all.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON NEWLANDS



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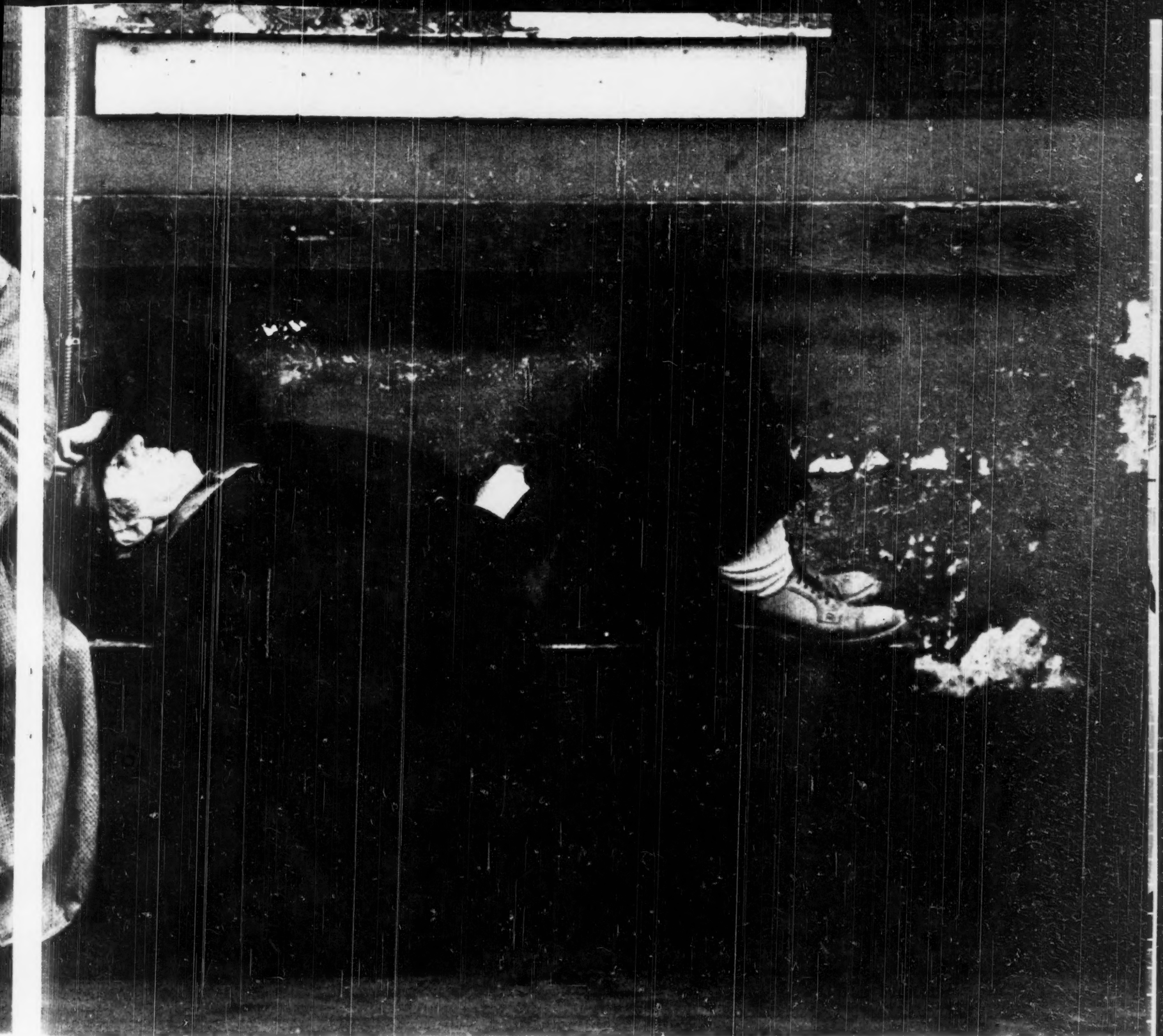
The high and low life

The knights of the road are a more elite fraternity now than they were three decades ago, but there are still thousands of men beating their way across Canada in an endless flight from nine-to-five living. This is how they make it

BY HUGH GARNER PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN MAX

"SOMETIMES WHEN IT'S RAINING or I'm freezing to death I think of quitting the road, but mostly I enjoy it," William Dupuis told me. Dupuis is a 31-year-old hobo from Midland, Ontario, but since he turned 16 his home has been anywhere on the continent that he hap-

On the lookout: Walter Haslam, an inveterate traveler, keeps a close watch on trains at the CNR's Mimico yards, near Toronto. When it's obvious to him that



of a present-day tramp

pened to be. "I've seen me in Yoho National Park," Dupuis recalled with some relish, "watching a pair of beavers build a dam, or lying at the edge of a field in Saskatchewan spying on the prairie dogs. That's the best part of being a bum — being able to enjoy the things around you that other people never have the time to see. Last fall I got a lift to the top of Stevens Pass in the Cascades in Washington. It was so beautiful there it nearly made me cry. I sat up all night rolling cigarettes and just looking at the mountains."

Recently I spent several days with Dupuis and a dozen other hoboes who had stopped off in Toronto on their travels. I hadn't spoken to a hobo or even consciously seen one since the Depression days when, with tens of thousands of other jobless Canadians, I myself rode the rails or hitch-hiked around the country. I thought the hobo had disappeared with the Depression, but I was wrong.

It is true that Canada's hobo population is only a fraction of what it was during the Thirties. But

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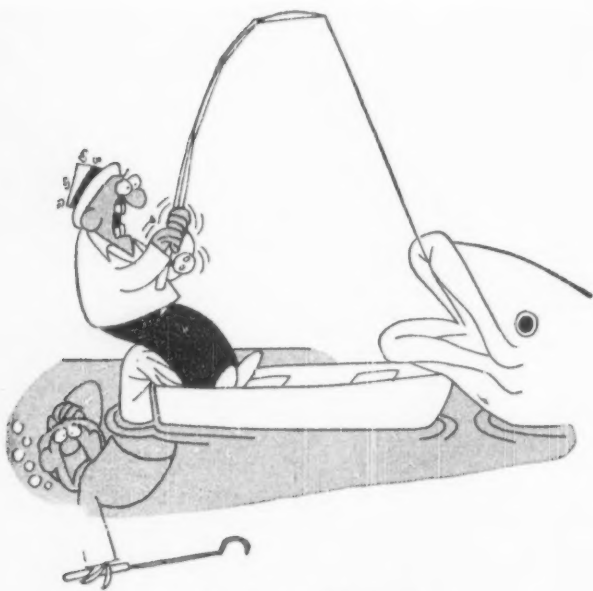


nothing is going his way, he rests with fellow hobo Patrick Rhody on a bench beside a yard toolshed. Then, when a fast freight gets rolling, they take off.



"PIPE DOWN!"

Sweet and sour **FISHING** by Dave Harbaugh



"Fred! ... the gaff!"



"You made a WHAT out of it?!!!!!"

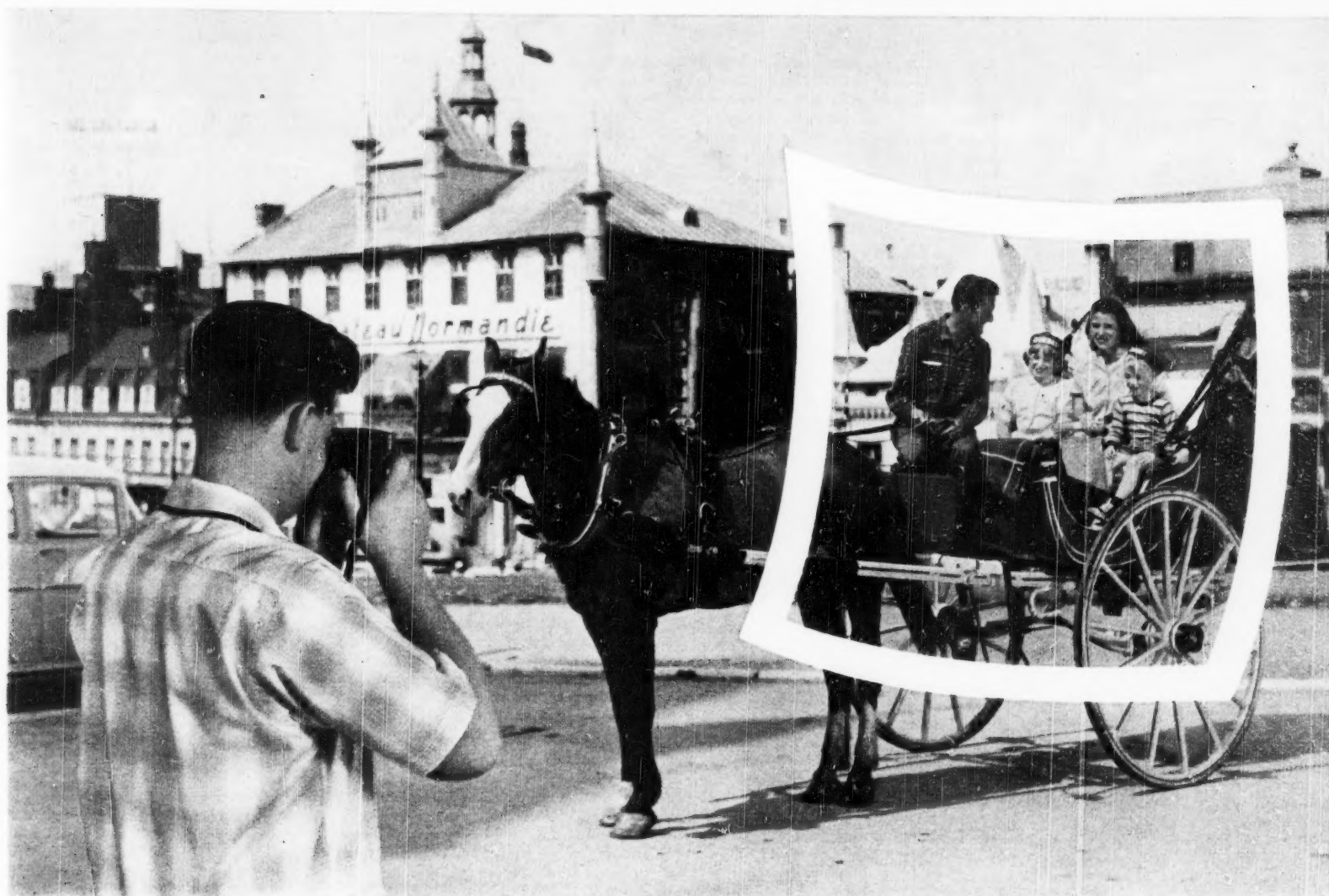


"You put our fish in the trunk? ... the motor's back there, stupid."



hughes

PICTURE IT NOW—enjoy it again and again!



Seeing Quebec in a red and "gold" calèche, Peter and Judy were a seigneur and his lady. How glad Dad was that he had Kodacolor Film in the camera!

Keep a history-book trip in color snaps—with Kodacolor Film



Peter and Judy "manned" the defenses of the Citadel at Quebec while Dad loaded his camera with Kodacolor Film and took this wonderful shot.



Judy said the regimental mascot was very friendly, but Peter wasn't sure. Friendly or not, he posed proudly for this treasured snapshot on Kodacolor Film.

See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show" on CBC-TV Network

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, Toronto 15, Ontario

Seeing is *keeping* when you visit Canada's historic places with your camera. And the snapshots that keep it are in glorious, true-as-life color when you have Kodacolor Film in your camera.

Try Kodacolor Film this weekend. Your dealer will look after the processing—done locally in many cities, or by Kodak.



Kodak
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"Why don't you do something about our wives?" men in his health club asked

Gordon. Both were graduates of the YMCA college in Chicago. Tom and Gordon were just as aware of the problems of the weary businessmen as Paul. But they didn't have enough money to open a health service for them. Then one day kindly Sir Joseph Flavell, who was very religious (United Church) and very rich (Simpson's), offered to lend them \$2,500. The three brothers took the money and started to guide the needy on the road to fitness and beauty.

Oh, the troubles they had! There was a depression in Canada. Health-conscious executives were scarce. Rent-paying days were frequent. But suddenly a good fairy appeared. His name was Joseph Atkinson Sr. He owned the Toronto Daily Star.

Joseph Atkinson Sr. had to have an operation. His doctor told him to get strong before it. So Joseph Atkinson Sr. came to The Three Pogues and they made him strong and healthy. Joseph Atkinson Sr. was so happy! He whispered a few magic words into the ears of clever Gregory Clark, a reporter. The very next day thousands of businessmen read things in the Star that made them painfully aware of their unhealthy life and untuned muscles. They flocked to the Pogue brothers to be beautified by health or at least to calm their conscience.

Soon, the three brothers repaid the money to kindly Sir Joseph Flavell. The wicked bill collectors did not come any more. Tom and Gordon eventually moved away and left Paul Pogue the sole ruler of a growing and prospering Healthy Men's World.

Not all the men who entered this world became as beautiful and as radiantly healthy as Paul Pogue, but this was not Paul's fault. He did everything he could to help them. He gave them steam-baths and massaging tables and gleaming showers and a gymnasium that was a joy to behold. He gave them a punching bag and bicycles and walking machines and pulleys and dozens of other devices to stimulate muscles and increase blood circulation. He gave them a trained staff to plan their Individual Road to Health.

Like a missionary, Paul Pogue considered it his duty to promote physical activity. He told his Rotary Club about it, too.

"I would like to start a crusade among schoolchildren to develop the attitude of mind where they would regard it as smart to be fit instead of being smart to drag-race the old man's car — or some similar stupid pursuit," said healthy Paul Pogue.

He sent his customers little printed notes. "Man does not just die; he usually kills himself by neglecting his health," the notes said.

Paul Pogue's door was open all the time. Behind the door was Paul, surrounded by books entitled *It Pays to Be Fit* and *It's Later Than You Think* and *How to Live 365 Days a Year*, smiling his beautiful healthy smile, always ready to help.

And so the Pogue Health Club grew and grew. More and more businessmen noticed how unhealthy they were. More and more noticed that it had become a very chic thing to belong to this club. Tycoons, moguls, titans and all kinds of other executives came from afar and paid as much as \$400 in advance to improve their fitness, looks, and life expectancy. Huge companies would lay out \$800 to see four of their top men become healthy, at wholesale rates. Some of the most important Toronto business-

men met in the comfortable lounge of the club admiring the lovely framed horseheads and riders and the generally virile atmosphere. Here they could get delicious fruit salads and other healthy snacks and learn about proper nutrition from booklets that were piled on little tables for their convenience.

Now, not all these people followed the example of Paul Pogue, who would never let a day go by without exercising at least an hour and a half in the gymnasium. Even when he broke his leg curling, Paul still managed to squeeze some exercise into his daily routine, cast or no cast. Most executives weren't so ambitious. Some preferred just to lie around in the lovely green steamroom and have someone else work with their muscles. Some preferred six Martinis to one tomato juice. But if they didn't become as healthy and beautiful as Paul Pogue they had only themselves to blame. They didn't care anyway. They liked Paul Pogue. Some of them felt he should extend his services.

"Paul," they would say, "why don't you do something about the beauty of our wives, too?"

"Why indeed?" thought Paul Pogue, who had been thinking that very thing for some time, and he decided he would. He sat down at his drafting board and his many books — for he always liked to make all plans himself — and one nice summer day he opened the most beautiful health salon for women. It was called the Ladies' Health Service. "A new Mecca for weary workers," said the loyal, generous Toronto Star.

The Health Service was a wonderful place for office girls who had to sit all day, or flabby young mothers, or housewives who did not exercise the right muscles. Here they could use the ballet bar, and the exercise mats, and the pulley rings. They could ride the bicycle that didn't go anywhere or walk miles on the

walking machine and they could still watch television. They could get a nice pedicure, or a facial, or a mud pack, or a wax treatment sitting in vibrating chairs. There was gentle steam to relax them and whirling water to massage their bodies. Four masseuses, an exercise girl, and a physiotherapist looked after their needs. There was also a trained ballet instructor to teach them poise. Later, thoughtful Paul Pogue wanted to employ an interpretative dancer, too.

The prices were not very high. A girl could come twenty-five times to have exercise, steam and ultra-violet rays and she had to pay only \$50 for it. The salon was so big that two hundred ladies could come the same day.

But the ladies didn't come.

In the beginning there was a great interest in the Health Service. The beautiful appointment book was always black with names. Extra help had to be hired in the evenings because so many ladies phoned and said they wanted to come. But the trouble was that they only wanted to. They didn't really come. A few drops of rain, a little fatigue, or a phone call from a girl friend changed their mind at the last minute. And so the steam cabinets remained cold and the exercise mats were empty. The vibrating chairs waited in vain for their daily ration of hips. The pedals of the bicycle stood still. Poor Paul Pogue!

What a great mistake it was to expect the ladies to work for their beauty! If only Paul Pogue promised them machines that could make them lose weight without any effort. Then his books might have looked different. But this would have been a lie and Paul Pogue was very honest. He despised lies. He knew that such machines did not exist and that the only way to lose weight was by eating less. He liked machines because they Firmed Tissues, but he did not believe in miracles. All he could promise the ladies

was that they would be still young at sixty if they exercised regularly until then. But this was such a long-range promise that the ladies didn't think it worth while to go out into the rain for taking care of all the details.

Now, Paul Pogue was a very thorough person. He never did anything without taking care of all the details, even the smallest ones.

"Steam and exercise will mess up the girls' hair," he had told himself when he planned the health studio. "I must install a tiny hairdressing salon where the damage can be repaired." And he did, and called it the Lisa Salon. But he never dreamed that this would save him from bankruptcy. He couldn't help noticing, though, that while the health salon was losing money the hairdressing part was booming.

The same ladies who were too tired to come to the health studio and leave it refreshed were never too tired to come to the hairdresser, even though they knew that they would be ten times as tired when they left. Rain, snow or hail could not stop them from having their hair set. They knew, of course, that the health studio could make them more beautiful in the long run, but they wanted to become beautiful right away.

Clever Paul Pogue soon realized that most women did not mind if the beauty they bought was only skin deep and did not last. All they wanted was fast results. He could not change the psychology of women so he had to change the nature of his business.

"If it is this kind of beauty they want, they should have the best," said Paul Pogue, and quick as a wink turned the Health Service into a hairdressing school.

Then he went back to his books. He read all about the management and operation of beauty parlors and when he finished he knew that he could do so much more in the skin-deep beauty business than in the beauty-through-health one. This made Paul Pogue very sad because he still believed that there could be no real beauty without health. But what could he do? He had to give his customers what they wanted. Paul Pogue tried to console himself with the thought that, anyway, beauty was a step to health.

The following months Paul Pogue spent designing layouts and drawing graphs. (The graphs were about money.) He planned the ideal beauty parlor. "If the ladies like this Paul Pogue Beauty Salon," he said to himself, "then I will open many more Paul Pogue Beauty Salons. First I will open salons in Toronto; then I will open salons all over Canada. I will have a chain of salons. I will centralize the bookkeeping and the advertising and the maintenance and the teaching. I will save a lot of money."

"Paul is planning to put Beauty on a supermarket basis," said Paul Pogue's friends, and they all wished him luck. Everybody liked kind, fair Paul Pogue. Only the salesmen of hairdressing supplies did not like him. He said he could buy for twenty-seven cents the same product that sold for \$2.35. He wanted to cut out the middlemen because he thought they made too much money. Not many middlemen liked that. But Paul Pogue did not care. He only worried about the ladies who would come to his salon to be beautified. He wanted to make them happy. He knew that service was not enough to keep the ladies happy. Women did not come to a hairdresser only to have their hair done. They came to sit and smoke and telephone and stare at the walls and go to the washroom and read magazines. Why, some women chose their beauty parlor by the shape of its chairs.

Paul Pogue knew of course that no



"Of course your little Cub friends can stay for lunch."

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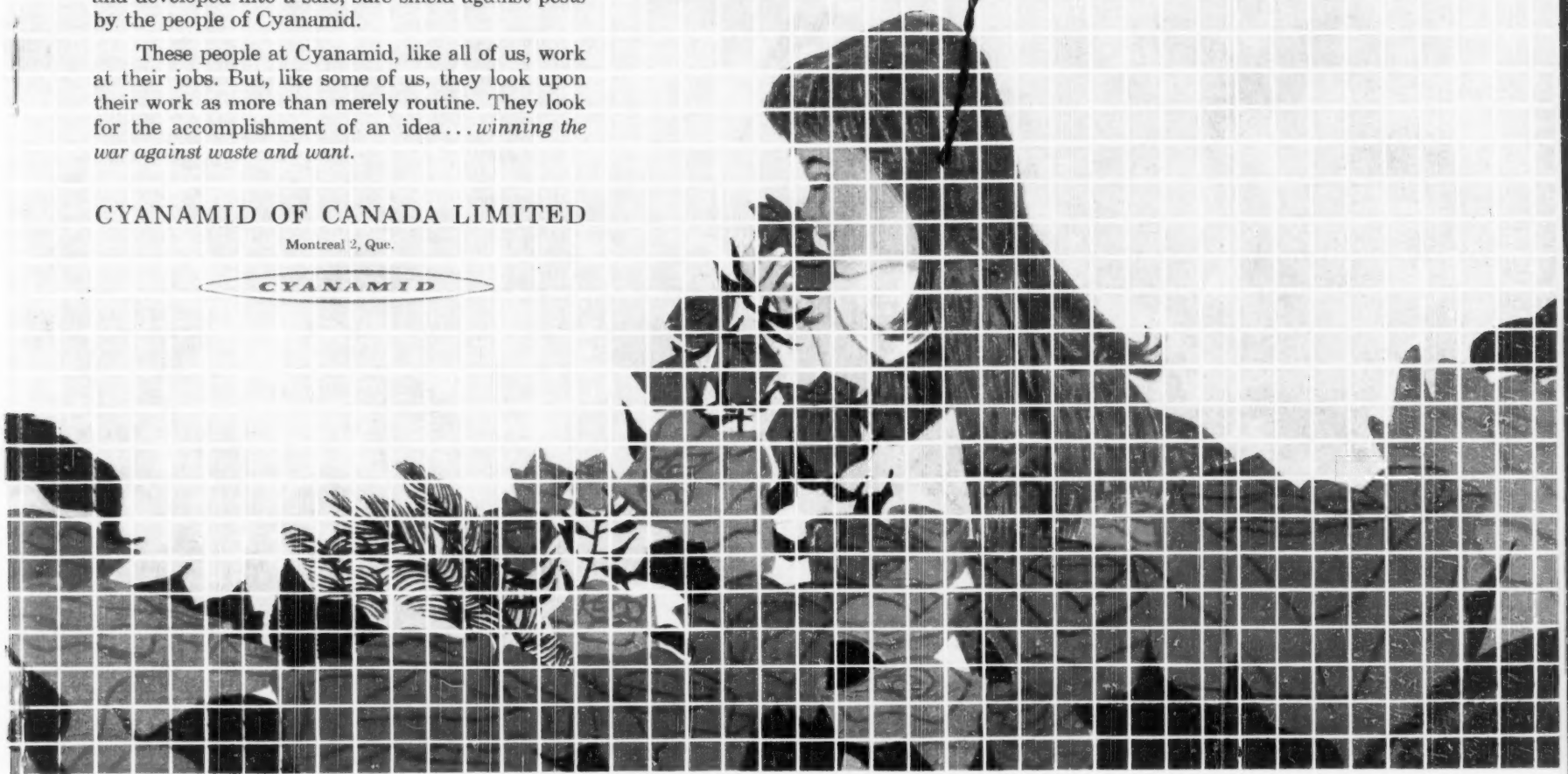
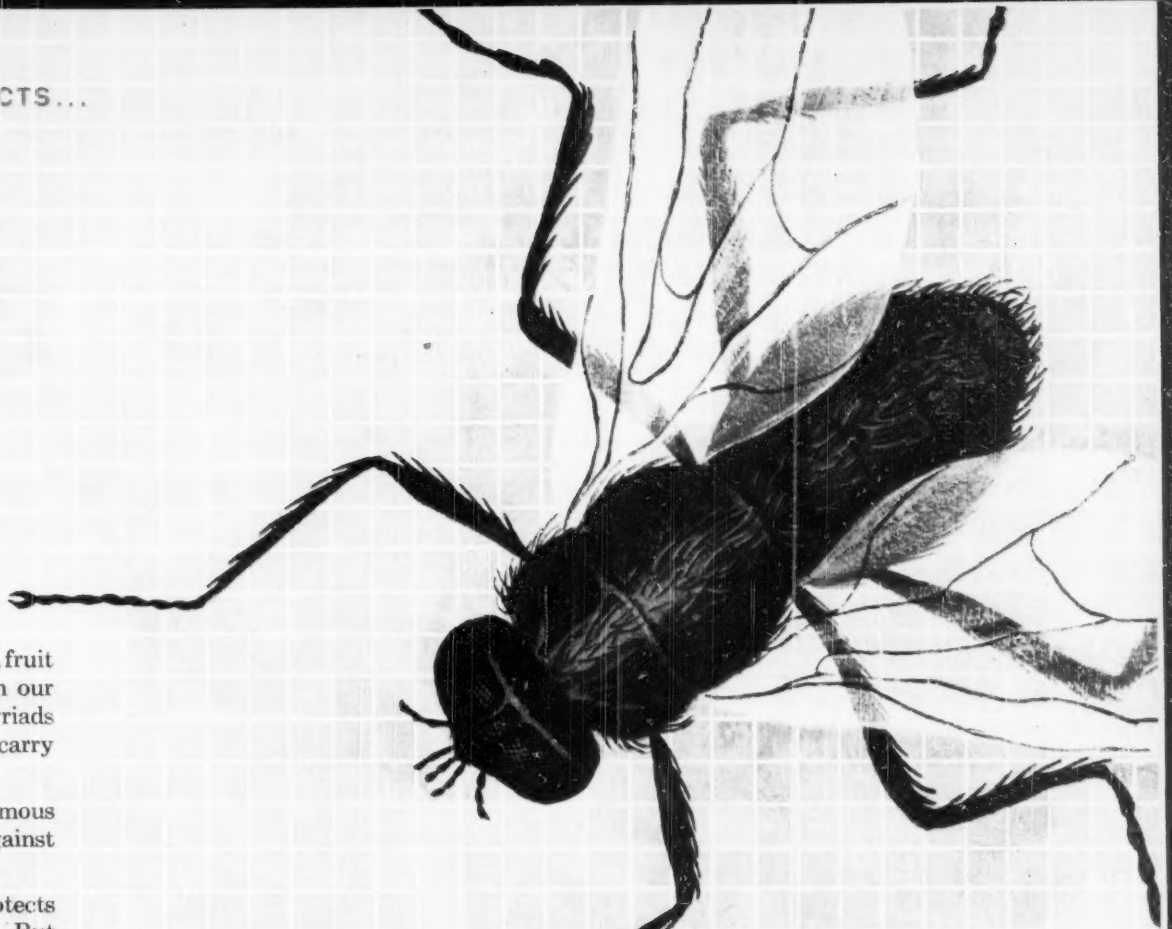
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woman in a green dress could feel happy on a blue chair. So he decided to make the chairs neutral beige or gold. He decided to put phone plugs in these chairs so the ladies could talk to their girl friends while sitting under the drier. Oh, he had so many problems! Women were becoming more sophisticated by the day. He had to give them really beautiful surroundings to please them.

But Paul Pogue knew that decor was not enough. Location was important, too. Paul Pogue studied location. He knew that a beauty salon couldn't be squeezed between a shoe repair shop and a hardware store. It was better to have it flanked by a dress shop and a flower shop (never a fruit vendor). Even the side of the street was important because there are good sides and bad sides. And the lighting of the street had to be considered, too. A well-lit street was better than a dark one, of course, but if the lights of the neighboring stores were garish they could spoil the whole effect. Paul

Pogue had to think of everything. And he did.

When the new Paul Pogue Salon opened in the Don Mills Plaza the ladies raved about it. It did not make them more beautiful than other beauty parlors, but they were so happy there. They loved the elegant antique chairs and the marble-topped tables and the crystal chandeliers. They loved all those nice mirrors and the plaster heads of "angels" that supported the mirrors. Oh, it was a smart salon! It was so smart that a few housewives did not dare enter it. The expensive decor with all the gold scared them. Poor housewives! They weren't sophisticated enough.

Now, Paul Pogue wanted everybody to be happy in his salon. That's why he decided to make his staff happy, too. He was very kind to them. And he decided to lift their status. He told them never to take a tip because that would make them servants. The customers could always give them a present for Christmas

if they wanted to show their gratitude. That was much nicer, although some of the staff didn't think so. They preferred a tip once a week to a handkerchief once a year.

But most of Paul Pogue's employees were happy anyway. They liked the sophisticated atmosphere and the soft music and they liked the money they made. They made more than a hundred dollars a week and some made more than two hundred. They did not get a salary but rather a percentage with a guaranteed minimum. They could do a lot of work because thoughtful Paul Pogue saved them steps and effort. He designed all the cabinets and the drawers and the wash-basins in a very practical way.

But deep down Paul Pogue knew that designing beautiful closets and making the ladies sit on beautiful upholsteries was not what he had wanted to do in the beginning. He tried to smuggle at least two steam cabinets and massage tables and a very good masseuse into the base-

ment of the salon. But these were not very popular.

So Paul Pogue had to be content with the hairdressing salon. And he was. He was so happy that he opened another one in the Royal York Hotel. This one was even more beautiful. Then he started to work on a third in another shopping centre and he began to plan several others. He did not give up Health completely. One day he wanted to open a health service for transient businessmen. But he knew that his real career lay in Beauty, in a nice chain of Paul Pogue Salons. He was very grateful to the ladies because they liked the Paul Pogue Salons so much. He only wished he could do more for them. And secretly he was always hoping that the day would come when the ladies would allow him to give them more beautiful bodies as well as more beautiful shampoo basins. Wistful Paul Pogue! Some day, perhaps, the ladies will, and then Paul Pogue will live happily ever after. ★

VIMY AND PASSCHENDAELE *continued from page 10*

The very depth and safety of the German trenches betrayed their defenders

the Allied positions, centred on the old walled city of Arras, were a maze of caves and tunnels, many of them centuries old and left over from earlier wars. By careful attention and reworking, this honeycomb had achieved some of the utility of a good hardrock mine. There were miles of wire for telephones and lights. There was a tramline and an underground hospital. Twenty-five thousand men could be housed safely in the hidden depths. When needed they could be moved through the tunnels and catacombs to the front line without the usual hazards of shelling on open roads, duck-boards or communication trenches.

But the attack from Arras had far more to recommend it than these local advantages. In a sense that could not be measured by the men waiting to rush up the hill of Vimy, the year in which they lived—and in which many of them died—was already in a state of crisis and convulsion unsurpassed by any other single year in man's whole stay on earth.

In the fifteen tumultuous months from September 1916 to November 1917 the Germans fired their high commander. The French fired their high commander. The British threw out their government. The beaten and bedraggled battalions of Russia turned their backs on their foes and began to fight their masters. The German general staff, now resigned to the implacable fact that it could not win the war on the ground, forced the German government to accept a program of unrestricted war by submarine. The United States of America entered the war officially.

Some of these things had not happened by the early spring of 1917 and of those that had happened not all were known to the Allied soldiers who attacked east of Arras on April 9. On their part of the front the line wavered as it curled past Arras. The Germans held a blunt salient toward the south of the city. The Allied decision to attack there, like so many command decisions in the war of 1914-18, was mainly decreed by the lack of anything better to do. Decisions of equal moment were once assessed in this way by the chief intelligence officer to the British commander-in-chief, Sir Douglas Haig: "Allenby shares one peculiarity with Douglas Haig: he cannot explain verbally, with any lucidity at all, what his plans are. In a conference between the two of them it is rather amus-

ing. DH hardly ever finishes a sentence, and Allenby's sentences, although finished, do not really convey exactly what he means. They understand one another perfectly, but as each of their particular staffs only understands their immediate superior, a good deal of explanation of detail has to be gone into afterward. . . . At these army conferences no one dares to interfere."

The night of April 8, 1917, was Easter Sunday. The strength of the Canadian Corps, including attached British troops, stood at 170,000. Fifteen thousand of its

PARADE

Imagine meeting me here

Successful forgery takes skill and at least a little bit of luck—but the fellow who signed "M. W. Earl" to a cheque and presented it to an Ottawa bank was entirely out of luck. The accountant he handed the cheque to recognized the name and account number—both his own.

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assault infantrymen moved into position through the tunnels from Arras.

Already little gaps had been cut in the barbed wire by special patrols and larger holes had been made by an almost unlimited artillery bombardment of two weeks.

By four o'clock on the freezing morning of Easter Monday every battalion was in place, most of them no more than a hundred yards from the enemy. It rained on them through most of the night and then in the cold black of early morning the rain changed to sleet and snow. But by the start hour, every man in the assault force had been given a hot meal and a tot of rum to fortify him against the historic day ahead.

No battle had ever been more carefully planned or mounted. Before they made their strange journey through the weird chalk tunnels from Arras, most of the assaulting infantry had gone through elaborate practice manoeuvres. They had used white tapes to help them learn their routes of travel and their officers had pored for weeks over plasticene models

of the ground ahead. And above them all the shape of the coming battle was being discerned and drawn by the pilots of the Royal Flying Corps, many of them Canadians too. As the RFC pried behind the German lines, interceptors rose to meet them and one of the first and greatest of dogfights swirled above the waiting soldiers below.

In the last minutes of the cold night before the attack, the artillery finished its work. Besides the usual curtain of high explosives on the forward positions, a heavy barrage of gas shells was thrown into the German rear. The greatest and most decisive casualties of the gas were not men but horses. They died in hundreds and, when the infantry attack began, the German communications system was in chaos. The troops at the front ran short of ammunition. The artillery had no means of locomotion. The main Allied rush across the sleet-drenched hillside therefore was given a chance to succeed.

On some parts of the ridge the very depth and safety of the German trenches now betrayed their defenders. When the Allied artillery fire stopped it took as long for the German garrisons to clamber up to the surface as for the attacking troops to pour across the tiny strip of No Man's Land. In the first rush nearly 3,500 Germans surrendered. In one of the many impregnable tunnels a hundred and fifty German soldiers came up dazed and half-dressed with their hands aloft.

In any recital of military events there is a strong temptation to depend only on the memories of the victors. At Vimy Ridge an account by one of the defeated Germans says this: "No sooner had it been decided to abandon the battalion headquarters at the tunnel entrance than the first English appeared two hundred yards away and brought a machine gun into action at the Ruhleben House. Pursued by the fire of this troublesome gun, the battalion commander, his staff and twenty men went back along the communication trench, knee-deep in mud, toward the second-line position; but most of the staff and all the men were killed or wounded before reaching it."

At a more practical level another German account of Vimy Ridge describes in this way the situation not long after dawn: "Nothing was yet known of the situation of the infantry on the ridge, since all telephone cables leading for-

ward, including one buried six feet deep, had been broken, and patrols sent forward could bring no enlightenment."

The four Canadian divisions in the attack panted up the slope, some throwing grenades, some carrying awkward cylindrical Lewis guns on their hips, the great majority armed with bayonets and rifles and shooting through the rising fog and snow against an enemy they could not see. Not surprisingly, they achieved feats of great courage and folly. One officer, with only two men in support, leaped into one of the enemy trenches and captured two officers and seventy-five other ranks. By early morning of that famous Easter Monday the snow had stopped and those who had burst across the No Man's Land of Vimy and gained its height could look out on the great plain beyond. One of the Germans near by has reported the scene in this way: "The cessation of the snowstorm lifted the veil which had till now hidden the landscape, and we saw a remarkable sight. The air was suddenly clean and clear, filled with spring sunshine. The high ground . . . was covered with English troops standing about in large groups. The officers could easily be distinguished waving their short sticks in the air and hurrying from group to group to give instructions. For a few minutes the artillery fire almost ceased on both sides and complete silence fell upon the battlefield, as if all were lost in wonder. The battle itself seemed to hold its breath."

Though Vimy is rightly counted as one of the great Canadian military successes, it was not a decisive victory. Having been warned of the forthcoming attack by more than two weeks of heavy artillery bombardment, the Germans were already prepared to make an orderly withdrawal if they should lose their forward trenches. One German record says: "Innumerable crowds of working parties labored . . . at the repair and deepening of the defense system. Night and day in unbroken sequence trains from the Homeland laden with material and munitions reached the main depots. Mountains of shells were piled up in the ammunition dumps. The construction of the defenses . . . was completed. The enemy could come."

Then too, the Allies were simply running out of sinew. The French had agreed to support the Arras offensive with another major offensive farther to the south. But the *poilus* who had so staunchly given so much to save their country in 1914, 1915 and 1916 were now, through the sheer weight of misery and futility, in a state bordering on mutiny.

Their officers, even up to the rank of army commander, were in the same condition. It was not surprising, therefore, that the French part of the attack of April 1917 was an unenthusiastic failure. Assaulting toward and through objectives with the tragic names of the Road of the Women and the Hill of No Name, the French were turned back everywhere. The British were beginning to lose their effectiveness too. Like the French, they had run out of time for training and were starting to run out of men. Many of their junior officers were beardless schoolboys. As for the other ranks, a colonel of no less a regiment than the immortal Black Watch had this to say of one large draft of reinforcements that reached him in the early stages of Arras: "These men, hastily put into kilts, had undergone no infantry training. . . . Some could not fix bayonets and some could not load their rifles when they arrived."

The usually objective British official history, published after twenty years of careful retrospect, offers a reason why the Canadians did so well in the spring of 1917 while other equally gallant formations did relatively badly. "The capture of Fresnoy was the culminating point of brilliant successes by the Canadian Corps during the Arras battles, and the relieving feature of a day which many who witnessed it consider the blackest of the war. . . . One of the factors in this isolated success was undoubtedly the high standard of the Canadian infantry reinforcements. It had been pointed out that British divisions which began a long-drawn-out battle in a high state of efficiency suffered a very serious falling-off as the ranks of their battalions became filled with inadequately trained drafts. The Canadian drafts had not only as a rule undergone more training but were also rather older men and often of better physique. Thus a Canadian division appeared to deteriorate very little after taking part in several engagements at short intervals of time. The same applied to a great extent to the Australian and New Zealand troops, though the Australians, who maintained in the field more formations than the Canadians from a smaller though more homogeneous population, were at a disadvantage by comparison with them."

The portents for the Allies, though reasonably good at Vimy, were far less hopeful elsewhere. When the time came for the supporting French offensive, many of the French simply would not fight. As had happened at Ypres in 1915, thousands of colored colonial conscripts were in the van of the battle, but had no idea what they were doing there. When the order reached them to leave their trenches and move into the killing hail of machine-gun fire, most of the Senegalese consulted their instincts and their logic and went the other way.

The morale of the French continental divisions was in a similar state. There had been many upheavals in the high command and before the April offensive the promising but colorless Robert Georges Nivelle was given the desperate task of picking up after Joffre and Foch.

Nivelle's army was soon in a state of anarchy. Fifty divisions either mutinied outright or threatened mutiny. There were twenty thousand desertions by men who preferred a possible death by court-martial to a certain death by the German guns.

At last Henri Pétain replaced the broken Nivelle. Pétain shot twenty soldiers after courts-martial. He exiled another hundred, and herded two hundred more into an artillery range, zeroed big guns on them, and simply blew them up. By these harsh measures, together with

the memory of his victory at Verdun, he restored the French army as a military unit.

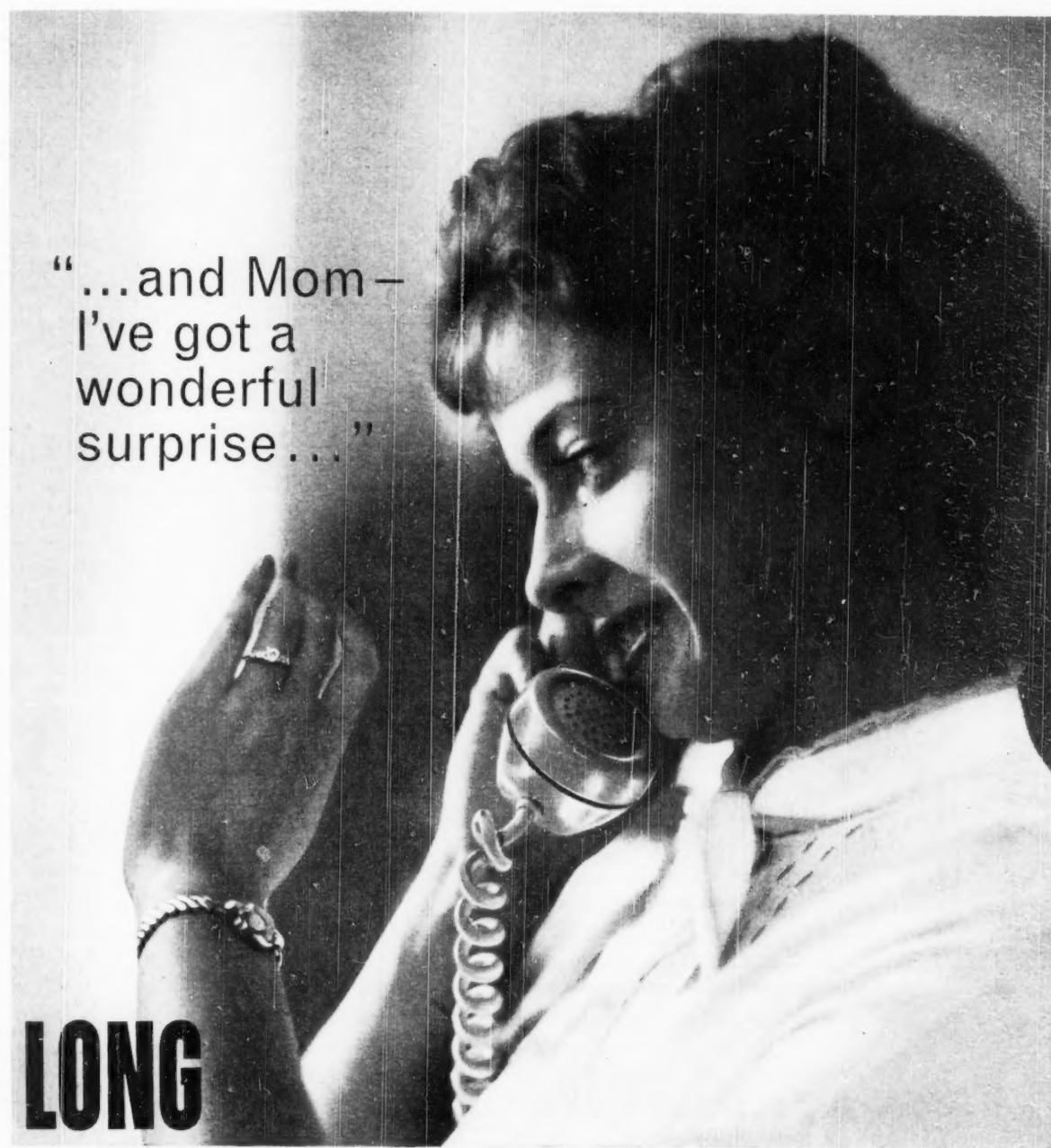
Even crueler events lay only the distance of a summer ahead. In the last months of 1917 the Canadian Corps was withdrawn from France and thrown again into the great killing ground of Flanders. This time its objective was the small and soon to be immortal village of Passchendaele, barely five miles beyond Ypres. Since the stalemate on the Western Front had set in three years earlier, neither side, for all its millions of dead

and wounded, had been able to win more than a few ruined little French and Belgian farmyards.

Haig's new plan, after his failure at Arras and his earlier failure on the Somme, was to move back and try again in the north. Here, he had persuaded himself, he could either break through and sweep up the coast of the North Sea or, failing that, wear the Germans into surrender. If the fighting was kept up "at the present intensity" for six more months, he predicted, Germany would run out of men.

Lloyd George tried to dissuade Haig from the Passchendaele attack, but did not have the courage to forbid it. Sir William Robertson, chief of the Imperial General Staff and Haig's nominal superior, was skeptical of the plan too at first but then was worn out and gave up the argument.

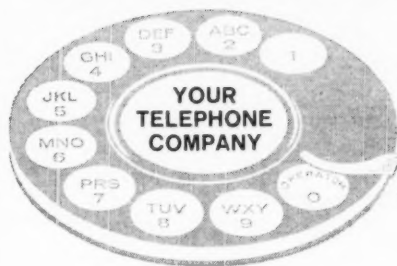
Throughout the long and deadly series of harangues and dissertations that followed in the British war cabinet the extraordinary relationship between the British prime minister and his commander at the front came into chilling focus.



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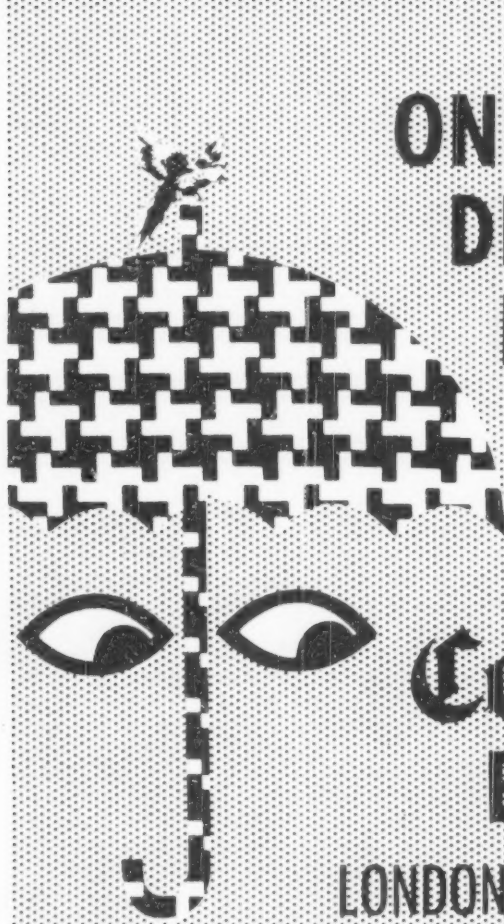


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Lloyd George despised and distrusted Haig and considered him a wholesale murderer—but did not dare to dismiss him or risk his resignation. As for Haig, he did not despise Lloyd George but merely considered him a regrettable nuisance; the notion that he, an officer of cavalry and a lifetime professional soldier, should be compelled to discuss military strategy with a Welsh radical grated on Haig's every instinct, but in the main he kept his temper far better than did his civilian superior.

Yet it was touch and go whether Haig would have his way. At the end of a meeting of the war cabinet's inner policy committee in mid-June, Lloyd George wrote a devastating critique of the new battle proposals. Whether he was really bent on exercising his authority as prime minister or on protecting his position in history is a nice question, in view of his ultimate capitulation. At any rate, the brilliant Welshman saw almost a dozen flaws and pitfalls in the enterprise in Flanders. While Haig and Robertson were suggesting a collapse of civilian morale in Germany they had forgotten that another costly failure might have disastrous effects on public opinion in Britain and the Empire. The Allies were equal to the Germans in guns and had only the barest advantage in manpower, and these calculations were based on the by no means sure assumption that the French had recovered from the bloodbath of Verdun, their mutinies, and their turmoils of command.

For any reasonable chance of success in the kind of war being waged in Europe, the attack needed a decisive advantage in men and weapons. Lloyd George specifically asked how anyone could be sure that the new offensive would not end as Vimy Ridge had done, with "brilliant preliminary successes, followed by weeks of desperate and sanguinary struggles, leading to nothing except perhaps the driving of the enemy back a few barren miles—beyond that nothing to show except a ghastly casualty list." His alternative plan was to stay on the defensive in the north, send artillery to Italy, and trust that the hitherto ineffective Italians might knock Austria out and thus destroy the Central Powers' whole position in the Balkans.

But Haig and his now persuaded boss, Robertson, marched back to Downing Street the next day and issued what amounted to an ultimatum. They had gone over their plan again and were sure it was sound; the inescapable implication was that the cabinet could accept it or get new planners. Whether they liked it or not, neither soldier could afford the politicians' dream of fighting a war painlessly. They would never have got to be commanders if they had not realized that the object of war is to kill people—more of the enemy than your own, but if needed a great number of your own as well.

Robertson, confident of a superiority of numbers, said bluntly: "We should follow the principle of the gambler who has the heaviest purse and force our adversary's hand and make him go on spending until he is a pauper." Great mistakes of strategy, he was sure, had been made by "endeavoring to find a fresh way around."

Haig went on to a more detailed expansion over his battle map, his estimates of gains, and relative strengths and casualties on both sides. Lloyd George was unimpressed, but still did not take a firm or final stand.

It was a month before the wavering cabinet was half bullied and half coaxed into authorizing the commanders to go ahead with the new attack in Flanders. When he came to write his version of

the discussions in his memoirs Lloyd George's fury at having allowed himself to be overruled was entirely visited on Haig. Haig had lied to him about the simple facts, the prime minister said. Furthermore, Lloyd George blamed the whole "insane enterprise" on "inexhaustible vanity that will never admit a mistake . . . individuals who would rather that the million perish than that they . . . should own—even to themselves—that they were blunderers." Haig had achieved, his superior concluded when cause and effect could be weighed together, "a narrow and stubborn egotism unsurpassed among the records of disaster achieved by human complacency."

But Haig had his way at last and his massive attack exploded in midsummer with seventeen divisions ready to assault on a fifteen-mile front and seventeen more divisions in immediate reserve, a hundred thousand men in the first wave and almost a million more behind them as reinforcements and on the lines of communication.

The discussions and preparations had been so elaborate and prolonged that the Germans knew almost as much about

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You can get a meal under almost any financial circumstances in a struggling lunchroom on a back road leading out of Port Colborne, Ont. There's a sign posted in the window and another by the cash register, announcing: "All credit cards honored here." Another line adds wistfully, "Also cash."

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them as the Allies. The Germans assigned their best defensive commanders to an arena almost perfect for defense. Because of the Flanders mud, which he knew would get worse with every day of the fall rains, Friedrich Sixt von Armin, the general assigned to stop the British, decided to change the hitherto almost unvaried system of trench defense. Instead of putting his Fourth Army shoulder to shoulder in drenched and shallow furrows, Sixt von Armin built a mass of pillboxes—five lines of them in all—filled them with machine guns and dispersed his infantry behind in relative safety and comfort but ready to move forward when and as the machine-gun posts were threatened.

The flat and marshy ground into which the British, Australians, and New Zealanders wallowed in the first weeks of the attack had no drainage system after the first bombardment wiped out the ditches and dikes. This country originally had belonged to the sea and—as was to occur in Holland in another war twenty-five years later—its defenses needed little disturbing before the whole landscape began seeking the sea again and became a quagmire.

Haig, the devoted cavalryman, had an idea that he could have his infantry and artillery make an initial break in the German front and then pour his mounted troops through. Failing that, he intended to thrust ahead with his new-fangled cavalry, the tanks. But the cavalry proved even more helpless in the mud than the infantry. As for the tanks, one of their commanders on the ground was soon forced to the judgment that: "To anyone familiar with the terrain in Flanders it was almost inconceivable that this part of the line should have been selected. If a careful search had been made from the

English Channel to Switzerland, no more unsuitable spot could have been discovered." The Tank Corps tried to warn General Sir Hubert Gough's Fifth Army of the floods that would inevitably follow the bombardment and sent topographical diagrams to prove the point. It was answered with a staff officer's order: "Send us no more of these ridiculous maps."

Almost every one of the predictable disasters came true. The tanks were virtually useless and many of their crews had to bail out and be massacred in the mud. The German counterbarrage cut up the Allied communication wires. Infantry battalions got lost in the first dark dawn and fell under their own set artillery barrages. A disastrous rain began in the early morning. By nightfall three assault brigades of the British 55th Division had lost nearly three men out of four in killed, wounded, and missing, and Gough's Fifth Army had lost one in three. As the disastrous day went on Haig and Gough congratulated each other on a "great success" and Haig observed genially of the streams of wounded coming back to the field hospitals that they were "very cheery indeed."

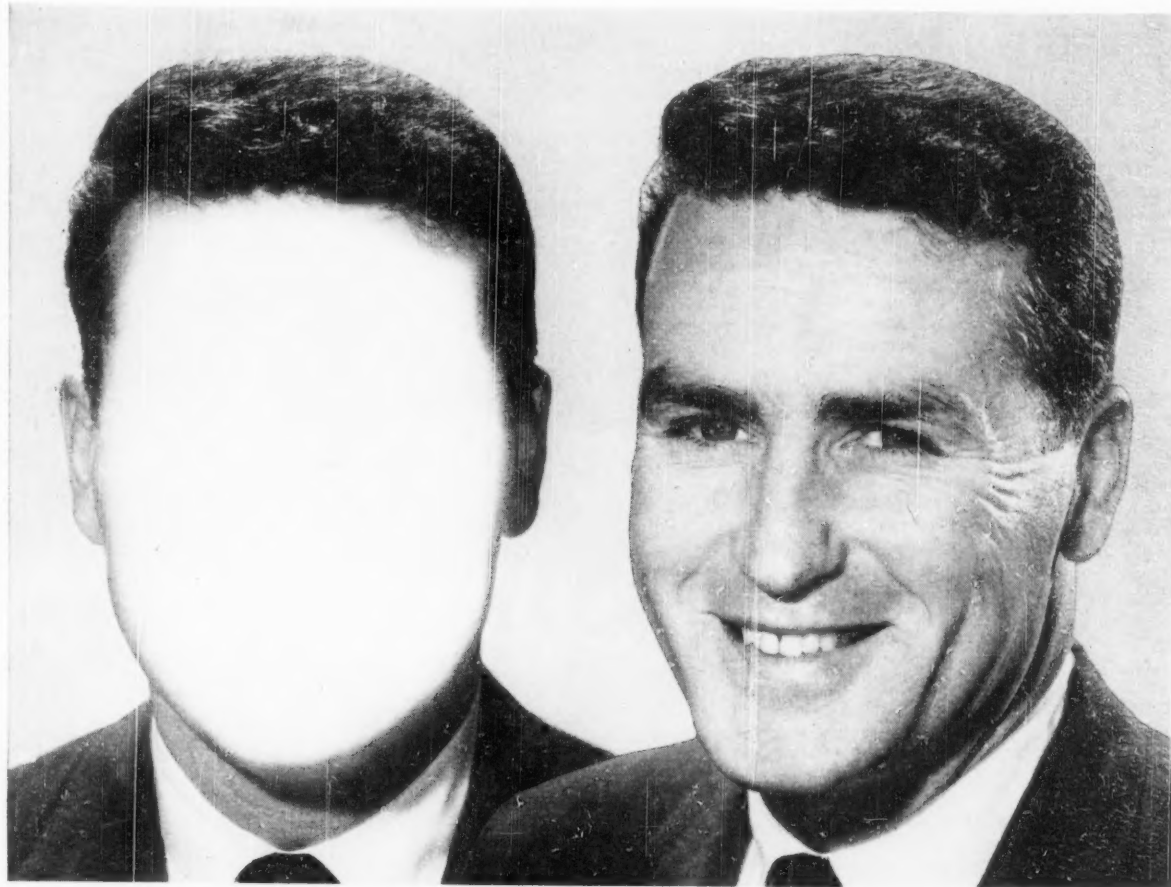
It rained incessantly for four days and nights, and by the end of the first month the only provable result of the offensive was the loss of 75,000 Allied soldiers and 50,000 Germans. In the murderous sequence of attack and counterattack one little clump of woods changed hands nineteen times.

And this was only the start of what Lloyd George called "the bovine and brutal game of attrition." It went on and on, relieved by only a few particularly impossible stretches of rain. It went on through August, September and October and into November. No one knows or will ever know how many casualties it cost, for, as Lloyd George admitted, there were not enough clerks to count them and the official and semi-official attempts to slant the figures in favor of various armies and commanders made the various estimates almost hopelessly contradictory. One of the most plausible reckonings was that of the British War Office—half a million casualties to the Allies, 270,000 to the Germans.

An Australian officer recalled some of the more intimate details. He saw them when the front had crept on from a position he was ordered to reconnoitre: "I got to one pillbox to find it just a mass of dead, and so I passed on carefully to the one ahead. Here I found about fifty men alive. . . . Never have I seen men so broken or demoralized. They were huddled up close behind the box in the last stages of exhaustion and fear. Fritz had been sniping them off all day, and had accounted for fifty-seven that day—the dead and dying lay in piles. The wounded were . . . unattended and weak, they groaned and moaned all over the place. . . . Some had been there four days already."

The Australians and New Zealanders, the immortal Anzac Corps, endured their share of the battle and then, worn out and half destroyed, were relieved by the Canadian Corps in late October.

If anything the conditions of battle had worsened along with the weather. When he was ordered to take over the main burden of the offensive, the Canadian commander, Sir Arthur Currie, demanded a short postponement. Leaving aside the difficulties of the front-line soldier, the task of tugging ammunition, food, and reinforcements through the desolation of mud in the rear had become so serious that Currie insisted on time to get his guns in place. After a good deal of wrangling he won his point.



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And thus it fell to the Canadians to capture Passchendaele and add it to Ypres and Vimy among the unforgettable place-names of Canadian history.

One of the most graphic descriptions of the conditions the Canadians met has been provided by Kim Beattie, historian of the 48th Highlanders of Canada:

"The mud sea . . . was awful beyond words. Derelict guns, bodies, bloated horses and broken limbers were scattered wherever they looked. Had the plank road and duck-walks vanished into that quagmire they would still have been traced by the debris and the dead that flanked them.

"On the day that the First Division attacked, half of the battalion was detailed to the task of stretcher bearing. Carrying stretchers is an arduous job at any time, but at Passchendaele, where a man could only move a yard or so at a time without sinking to his thighs, and where the shells fell always about them and burst in the mud, it was work that defies description. Eight, ten and twelve men to a stretcher sometimes, and all exhausted before one load was given into the hands of the CAMC.

"One sergeant, remembering a stretcher-bearing detail at Passchendaele, said this: 'It was the dirtiest job that ever I ordered men to do. They slaved like men, but I hoped it would never be so bad again. It was slippery, as were the stretchers and the wounded—what with the mud and blood. They sank to their waists. The poor wounded lads fell off at times and had to be fixed and put on again. It took hours for a trip.'"

It has been charged repeatedly that no one in a position of high command really understood what Passchendaele looked like, how deep the mud was, what certain death was decreed for the men ordered to attack into that hopeless plain. According to the British historian Liddell Hart, one highly placed officer from general headquarters made his first visit to the front after four months of battle. As he saw the awful swamp ahead he burst into tears: "Good God," he cried, "did we really send men to fight in that?"

The Canadians fought through this for nearly a month. With the sad poetry that so often rises in the hearts of men at the most abject stages of their most abject wars, the little ruins of bog and rubble ahead of them had been named Virtue Farm, Venture Farm, Vocation Farm, Venison Trench, Vanity Farm, Vine Cottage, and Vindictive Crossroads. At last the Canadian Corps won through them all and took the village of Passchendaele. It was a measure of the times that this was accounted one of the war's great victories. It yielded the Allied command about two square miles of mud.

The highly doubtful victory of Passchendaele was followed by a far more important one near the wood and town of Cambrai. This was farther south, on drier ground, where with the Fort Garry Horse of Winnipeg in the van an attack of tanks, infantry, and cavalry dented the German front by as much as five miles.

But Cambrai, important though it was, proved only the prelude to the Germans' greatest and last attempt to win the war in one massive stroke. Russia by now had collapsed. Italy suffered the final disaster of Caporetto. The whole Eastern Front dissolved and the German command poured trainload after trainload of troops and guns into the West. In men the Germans increased their strength by a quarter, while the British strength, through battle wastage and the drying up

of reinforcements, fell off by a quarter and the French were still struggling to recover their morale and will to fight.

Everyone on both sides knew that if the war went on much longer, the entry of the United States—which had now been made but had had no time to take effect—would probably turn the balance. So the German command took the inevitable gamble and staked everything on a massive assault in the west.

This final German offensive began on the first official day of the war's last spring, March 21, 1918. Six thousand guns had been assembled behind the attacking troops, a number unprecedented even in the massive Allied attacks on the

to stereotyped set-piece attacks was increased by another innovation. Instead of adhering to the traditional notion that an effective attack must be directed at all points of the defense, the Germans conceived and built "storm groups" of a few riflemen, a light machine gun or two, and a small mortar. Their task was to capture, surround, or just get behind the enemy positions in the assurance that stronger forces would be coming on behind them to exploit the confusion.

The Germans' dying *putsch* came within only a small margin of winning the war or forcing an immediate armistice. Six days after the spring assault began, a poetic German soldier found himself,

enough to give their commander, Sir Arthur Currie, an occasion to send one of the most memorable of all messages from a general to his men: "Looking back with pride on the unbroken record of your glorious achievements, asking you to realize that today the fate of the British Empire hangs in the balance, I place my trust in the Canadian Corps, knowing that where Canadians are engaged there can be no giving way. Under the orders of your devoted officers in the coming battle you will advance or fall where you stand, facing the enemy. To those who fall I say, you will not die but step into immortality. Your mothers will not lament your fate, but will be proud to have borne such sons. Your names will be revered forever by your grateful country and God will take you unto Himself."

This sort of rhetoric was going out of fashion in all armies—by 1918 a French or Australian officer, for instance, would quite possibly have been assassinated by his own troops for talking such sacrilegious claptrap. But the Canadians withstood Currie's words, fought very well in their limited defensive role, and then, in August, led the great Allied thrust that finally ended the war.

The exact date of the first assault was August 8, 1918—"the black day of the German Army" in the famous phrase of General Erich Ludendorff.

After Vimy, Passchendaele and scores of lesser actions the Canadians had become associated with attack in the German mind. When they showed up in numbers on any part of the front the enemy commanders had come to expect an assault. Accordingly a small part of the Canadian Corps was sent back to Flanders as a decoy and its main strength moved to its start line near Amiens only a few hours ahead of time. The Anzac Corps was deployed in a similar way. For once the deception worked. There were only six thinned-out divisions defending the German position before Amiens when the massive Allied drive began.

Nearly five hundred tanks supported the first thrusts and here they had solid ground to move on, not the marshy wallows of Flanders. In the first rush, which was helped by a providential mist, the Australians and Canadians stormed ahead eight miles on a front nearly fifteen miles wide. They were slowed down but then broke loose again, and as fall came on the Americans launched a great offensive from the Argonne forest behind Verdun.

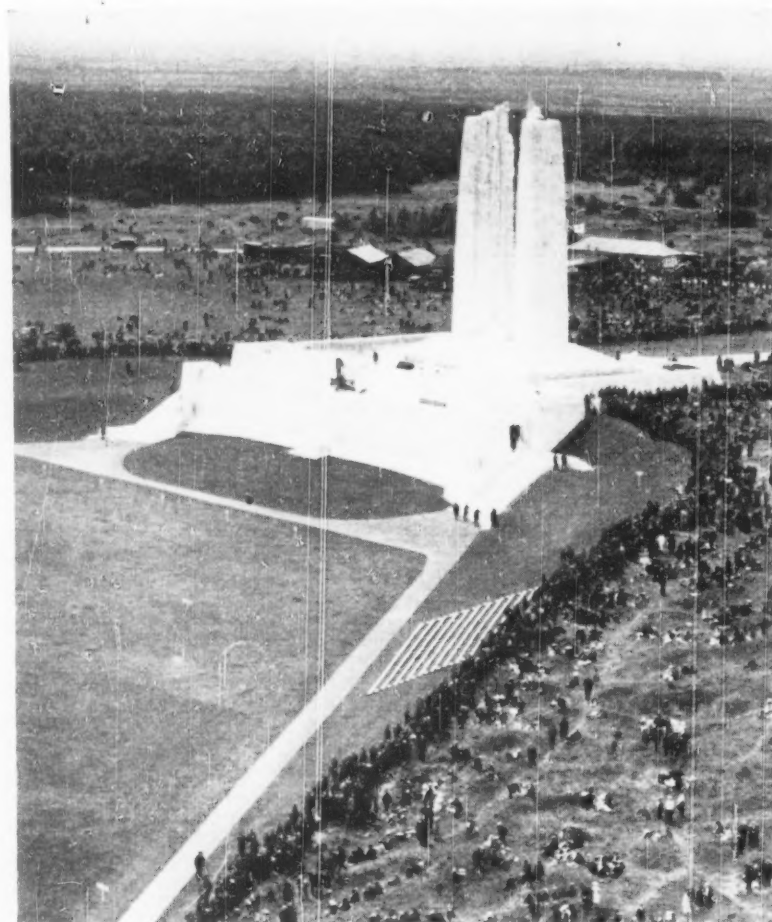
By October the Canadian Corps had suffered another 16,000 casualties, but in its last great drive, in which it had the temporary help of four British divisions, it overran, cut off, or otherwise completed the destruction of nearly fifty German divisions, a quarter of the whole remaining German force in the West. Cambrai, Douai, and at last Mons were added to the far-off, famous place-names of Canadian history and the legendary Hundred Days of the Canadian Army were over.

When the whole reckoning was completed it was decided that Canada had sustained nearly a quarter of a million casualties, one in four of them fatal. When at last, to use Lloyd George's phrase, there was enough "clerk-power" to assemble the figures for all nations on both sides, they came to 8,538,315 killed, 21,219,452 wounded, and 7,750,919 captured or missing. This awesome total of casualties did not include civilians. ★

NEXT: THE POOR CANADIAN NORTHERN, AND ITS INCREDIBLY RICH KING AND DUKE

Ralph Allen's book, *Ordeal by Fire*, will be published this fall by Doubleday Canada Ltd.

Vimy, 19 years after the Canadians' struggle



In July 1936 the new sovereign, Edward VIII, dedicated the twin-towered monument to the soldiers who fell on the cold, wet and memorable Easter weekend of 1917.

Somme and in Flanders. By the end of the first day the Allied lines had been pushed back as much as forty miles. Forty miles in a day was, of course, an unbelievable advance in a war that had come to reckon forty yards in a month a gain worth mention in the communiqués.

The Germans had devised a new system of offense largely because, according to their sardonic records, "Haig's dispatches dealing with the attacks of 1917 were found most valuable, because they showed how not to do it." Their key man was an amazing sort of Colonel Blimp brought out of retirement and soon given the nickname of *Durchbruchmüller*, which in translation means Break-through Müller. Müller's idea of breaking through was not to line his artillery up several miles behind the infantry and fire it for several hours before the attack, but to sneak it right up to the front and without even going through the ritual of ranging shots start shooting at what amounted to point-blank range. The surprise this brought to troops accustomed

to his happy wonder, "in the English back areas . . . a land flowing with milk and honey. . . . Our men are hardly to be distinguished from English soldiers. . . . Everyone wears at least a leather jerkin, a waterproof . . . English boots or some other beautiful thing. The horses are feeding on masses of oats and gorgeous foodcake . . . and there is no doubt the army is looting with some zest."

The Germans were hypnotized by their greatest error, the error of believing that they had won the war. They bypassed Arras, overwhelmed Cambrai, and broke past the Somme and the Ancre almost to the old cathedral city of Amiens. By summer it was locked in a second Battle of the Marne with the fate of Paris itself in jeopardy, as it had been in 1914.

Even Haig, who almost never conceded the slightest possibility of failure, was forced by the third week of the assault to issue his famous order that the British must stand to "the last man."

The Canadians played only a minor part in the Allied defense, but it was



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One old-time hobo told me that during World War II, when there was a job for every able-bodied Canadian, he still had plenty of company on the road. The dislocation of demobilization increased the Lobo army, enlisting men like Percy Crumme, known on the road as Winnipeg Red, a fighter pilot and before that a bush pilot.

"I quit working the day I got out of the air force," Crumme said. He showed me a tattered bush-pilot's license and, without comment, an expired Canadian passport with his own photograph as a spruce young airman, and that of a pretty girl who was, or had been, his wife.

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Some hoboes avoid employment, but

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cans and forgotten picnic hampers. And all because of this little ad in the Dartmouth Free Press: "Divers, you lose it, we'll find it, your rates. Phone."

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the majority work when jobs are available and when they need money. They like to think they have a small but definite place in the country's economy. Brigadier Stanley McKinley of the Salvation Army, who has worked with transients in Winnipeg, Vancouver and Toronto, where he is now the Army's welfare officer, went further.

"I don't think Canada can do without its migratory workers," he said. "We need them for a hundred different casual jobs."

Although habitual jobholders are finding jobs harder to get today, the hoboes have never had it so good, with fewer men on the road competing for seasonal work in out-of-the-way places. The western grain harvest no longer employs hordes of temporary hands, but there are still seasonal jobs on smaller unmechanized farms; there's still fruit picking in the Annapolis and Okanagan valleys and the Niagara fruit belt. Many hoboes take seasonal jobs in canning plants, lumber camps and on extra railroad gangs, in the tobacco fields, in northern road-building projects and as forest-fire fighters.

Garfield Shilling, an Ojibway Indian who has been on the move since he was discharged from an armored unit after World War II, has a regular travel-and-work schedule: "In the winter I'm a bill-distributor in Toronto, Kingston, London or St. Catharines. You know, throwing advertising dodgers into doorways,

Summers I work on the tobacco, apple, grape and hay crops."

Why do hoboes become hoboes? There are probably as many answers to that as there are human problems, but in general the hobo is an emotional or temperamental misfit whose domestic, occupational or social problems have led him to separate himself from house-dwelling society.

Apart from his original reason for leaving home to embark on a life that is generally rough, hungry, futureless and womanless, what does the average hobo get out of life? That seems to depend on individual temperament. A few, like William Dupuis, enjoy the outdoors in which they have chosen to live most of their lives. One of them, Fred Helsdon, told me:

"In Nelson, B.C., last summer I had just enough money left from a dish-washing job to buy some crackers, beans and sardines before I hopped a train to cross the hump. She's a long slow trip from there until you're on the level again, but it sure was a sight to see. You look out of your boxcar door and down thousands of feet to the floor of the valley. It sure was wonderful..."

Old Tom Briggs, whom I had picked up on the highway, told me, "I've seen this country from north to south and from east to west. I've traveled it in the winter when I froze and in the summer when I roasted. I've ridden hungry on slow drags through the bush, and been stranded without water on a blazing prairie ten miles from town. I've had some good times though. I've sat with my legs dangling from a boxcar doorway, with plenty of tobacco and a bottle of wine in my pocket, and just admired the country, better'n a king or a millionaire could have done." He turned to me. "You ever see Baie St. Paul in Quebec from the spot where the highway crosses the mountain to the west? Or the St. John River valley in June? Or Calgary in Stampede week? I'm getting old now and this is a young man's game. My rheumatics bothers me now, but I don't regret the life I've led. No sir! I'd do it all over again if I could."

Tom Briggs is one of the older hoboes who have switched from the railways to become "rubber bums"—hitch-hikers on long-distance trucks. Highway riding is safer and more comfortable for older men, but younger men prefer the rails, where they don't depend on another man for their right to travel, or the timing and direction of their journeys.

Most hoboes are principally concerned with the bare facts of subsistence and the small luxuries their life affords. But in their own gatherings they discuss the joys and sorrows of hobo life for all the world like clubmen discussing business deals, clothes, travel, food and accommodation. I sat in on one such discussion with a dozen hoboes recently.

They all agreed that in most places the railway police were pretty broad-minded about non-paying passengers. Bill Dupuis told me of being caught with two buddies last fall in the stock pens at White River on the CPR. "I had half a bottle of wine, and the cop wanted to take it away from me. I told him it was the only thing we had to keep us from freezing. He didn't take it, but told us to make sure and blow town in the morning. The next night I was hauled off a train in Kenora, where the bulls took my name and frisked me."

"The CP cops are worse than the cops on the CN," said Winnipeg Red. He might be biased, for his father used to be a CNR investigating officer in Winnipeg.

The other hoboes were divided in their feelings about local policemen. Nearly all had a personal hatred for some, but a grudging respect and almost a liking for others.

Dupuis and Winnipeg Red said that the big-city policemen were better than those in small towns. Dupuis said: "Here in Toronto the desk sergeant at No. 4 Station gave me a ticket for a flop at the Seaton House yesterday evening."

Red likes the police in Montreal, Hamilton and Saskatoon better than any others.

Garfield Shilling said, "You go and ask for a flop at the police station in Kingston and they arrest you as a vag." The consensus was that Kingston and Kenora were the two worst towns in Canada for the hobo. Someone mentioned Port Hope, Ont. Port Hope is a small town on the main CN and CP lines between Toronto and Montreal, and also astride two of the busiest highways in Canada, Ontario No. 2 and superhighway 401. The chief of police, C. W. Graham, is a veteran of the Mounties with a reputation for toughness. Graham told me that he gave no lodgings in his cells to homeless men, no matter what the weather. "We don't get the old-time hobo any more, only the winos," he said.

When I mentioned this to old Tom Briggs he laughed. "I know Graham," he said. "He's a typical town clown. I wouldn't ask him for a flop if it was fifty below zero. I'd be afraid of getting crummy from his dirty blankets." Town clown is hoboese for all small-town police chiefs.

I was wondering if bumming the back doors of houses was any good today.

"Sometimes the people ask you why you haven't got a job," said Bill Dupuis. "I tell 'em there's a half million out of work. The average housewife usually gives you something, maybe a little cash, but usually a lump—a packaged lunch."

"People are pretty decent," said Fred Helsdon. "I made out good in the west hitting doors. I guess a hungry man is a rarity these days, and they know you wouldn't ask for food if you weren't hungry."

Garfield Shilling added, "I got a meal with a family in Orillia the other day, and when I left the man staked me to a buck."

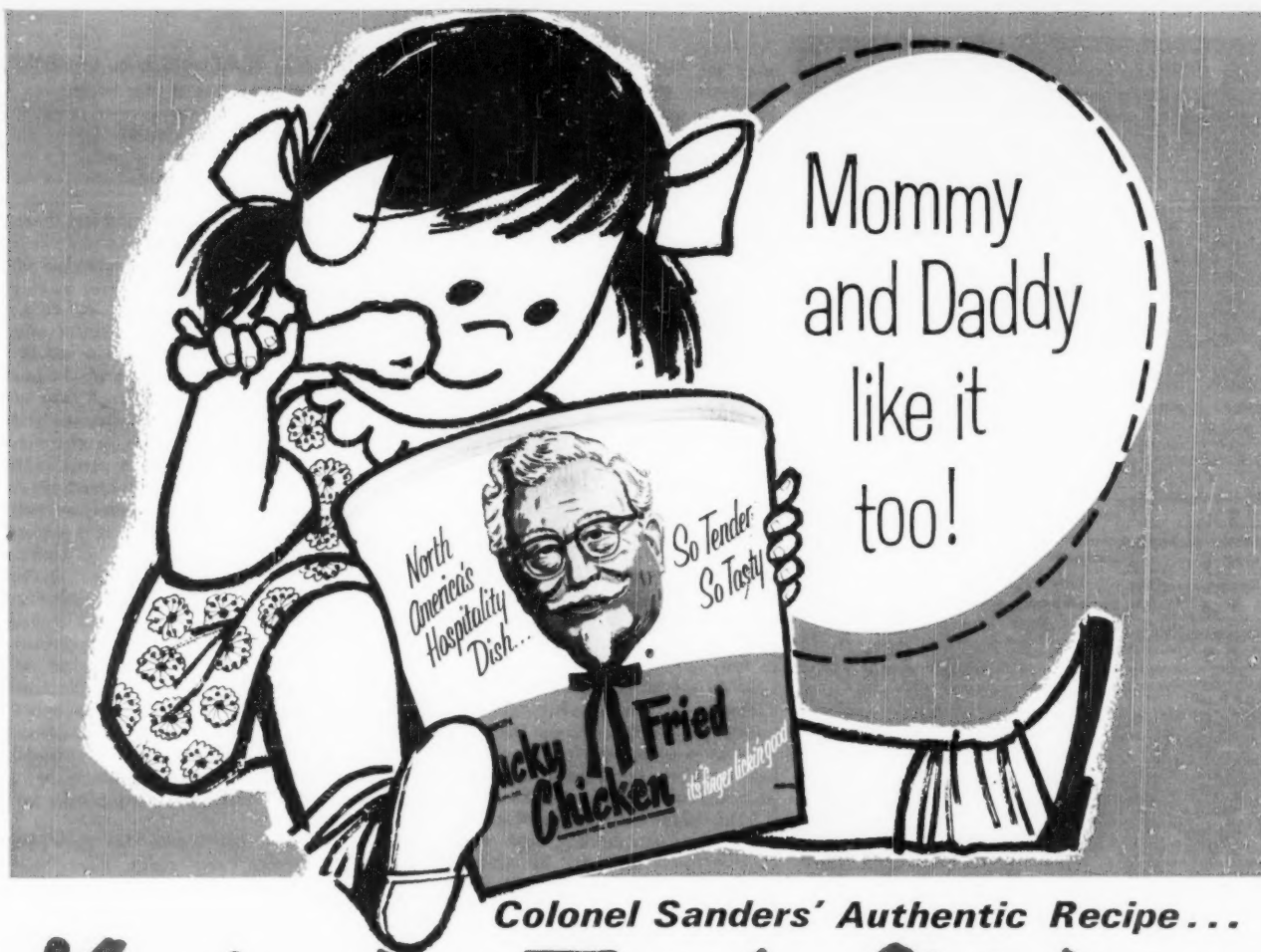
Street begging, or "stemming," can result in thirty or sixty days in jail. But the returns from begging have gone up with the cost of living, and asking for "a dime for a cuppa coffee" is outdated. Today a "score" is usually good for a quarter or a half dollar.

"I make most of my scores on the stem," said Winnipeg Red, who is tall, good-looking and fairly well dressed. "I always keep up a good front, and I don't stem women."

Bill Dupuis added, "I generally only put the arm on an ordinary guy that's had a few drinks. I'll tell him I got fifteen cents but I need sixty cents to make the price of a flop at the Sally Ann."

"You gotta be careful," said Joe Goodall. "I made thirty days in Mimico last winter for begging."

The hoboes and their chief means of



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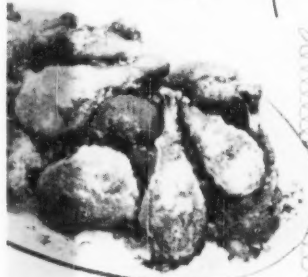
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PARADE

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cans and forgotten picnic hampers. And all because of this little ad in the Dartmouth Free Press: "Divers, you lose it, we'll find it, your rates. Phone. ..."

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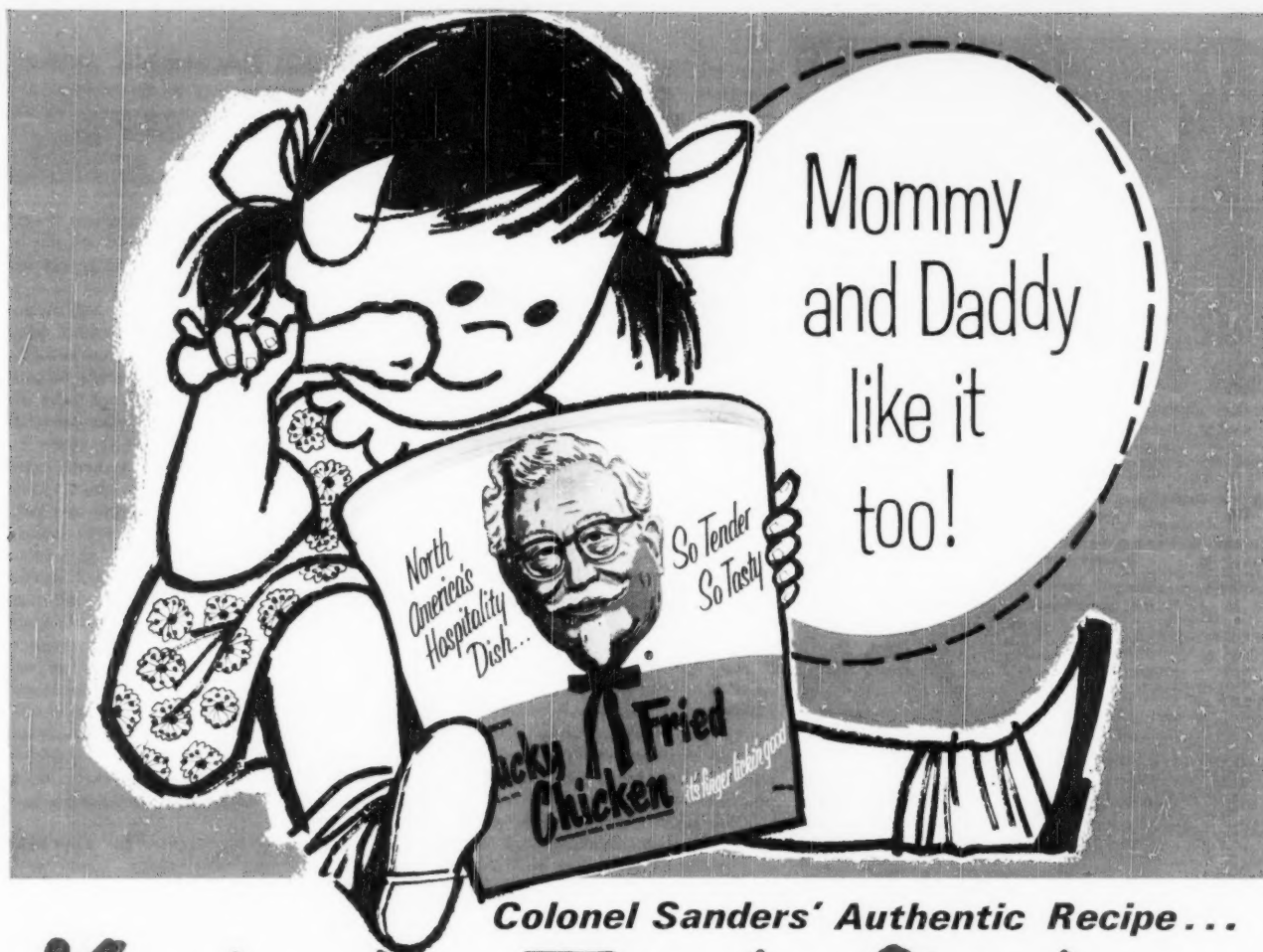
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House of Hay, Ltd.
Mr. Donald S. Hay
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Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia

*Indicates multiple operations, consult directory for addresses.

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prosperity apparently cannot eradicate the nucleus of men who, according to one encyclopaedia definition, "travel from place to place on freight trains or on highways, living on occasional jobs or gifts of money or food." Hoboes still circulate even in Russia, with its government-imposed employment program, and in New Zealand, with its cradle-to-grave socialism.

One old-time hobo told me that during World War II, when there was a job for every able-bodied Canadian, he still had plenty of company on the road. The dislocation of demobilization increased the hobo army, enlisting men like Percy Crummey, known on the road as Winnipeg Red, a fighter pilot and before that a bush pilot.

"I quit working the day I got out of the air force," Crummey said. He showed me a tattered bush-pilot's license and, without comment, an expired Canadian passport with his own photograph as a spruce young airman, and that of a pretty girl who was, or had been, his wife.

The prosperous 1950s again shrank the number of hoboes to a hard core of "professionals," but the recession of the past two years has increased their number once more. Many of the new recruits are from the Maritimes, where unemployment is particularly severe and future prospects for unskilled labor gloomy.

"We evict 1,100 persons in an average month from railway property in the Toronto area," Inspector C. F. Shea of the CNR police told me. "Not all are hoboes, but a lot are. There are plenty if you know where to look."

How many? Nobody really knows. Hoboes don't stay in one place long enough to be counted. "The only way the census-takers could catch up with us," one man assured me, "is if there was a railway and truck strike at the same time and the weather was below zero."

There are fairly obvious reasons why hoboes seldom get their names on federal, provincial or municipal government records, except those who are arrested, usually for minor offenses (railway trespass is the most frequent), and a few old-age pensioners. (Tom Briggs, a bearded grandfatherly hobo, plans his travels to take him once a month through Oshawa, Ont., where he picks up his pension cheque.) In the first place, hoboes don't pay taxes or own property. A surprising exception was a Vancouver man known as The Professor, who apparently lived on stale crusts he carried in his pockets and liked to play the piano in missions for a cup of coffee. When he died he was found to own \$20,000 in bonds, which went to the government because he had no known relatives.

Again, hoboes don't vote. In fact, they seem quite indifferent to politics nowadays, although they were once deeply involved. That was when the International Workers of the World (famously known as the IWW or Wobblies) organized a militant union, including the United Brotherhood of Railway Employees, and invited migrant workers (and non-workers) to join. Thousands of hoboes paid their dimes for the red membership card, and although the IWW movement virtually died out after 1919 many hoboes carried their cards for sentiment's sake as long as they lived.

The hobo population today is, there-

fore, anybody's guess. Not long ago Sam Cole, a self-styled "hobo king," claimed that there were 1,500,000 hoboes in North America, ten percent of them in Canada. Other estimates range from 15,000 to 50,000, but from any figure must be subtracted a lot of derelicts and itinerants who are not real hoboes—hometown drifters, local winehounds, "mission stiffies" who seldom stray far from the sources of free meals and beds, and congenial idlers who've joined the beatnik movement.

Traveling hoboes don't like to be confused with such types. They have particular contempt for city-dwelling "hoboes" who hold conventions, elect "kings" and get their festivities into the newspapers. "Not a one of them could hop a standing streetcar," a hobo said scornfully.

Some hoboes avoid employment, but

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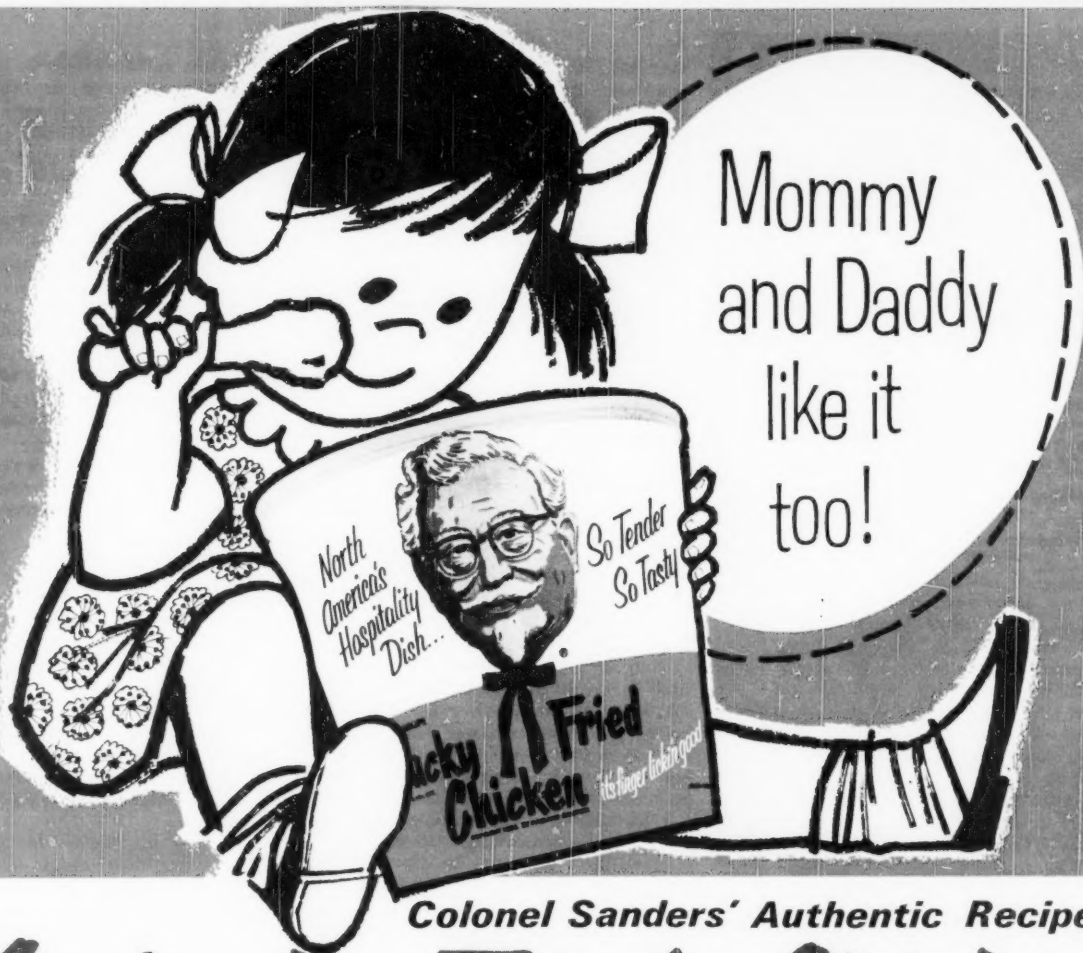
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transportation, the railways, maintain reasonably good relations. A. S. Duffield, the general foreman of the roundhouse in the CNR's big Mimico yard, near Toronto, told me: "Hoboes do little damage to railway property. Sometimes they do silly things like lighting a fire on a boxcar floor when it's cold, or they may break into a sandhouse or a toolshed to sleep there, but generally speaking they're not malicious."

One elderly CPR engineer told me he hated hoboes. "They're all just plain bums. Why should I let them ride my train?" he asked. A brakeman said, "I've never received any orders to kick bums off my train. So long as they don't do any damage I leave them alone." A CNR conductor, in charge of one of the fastest freight trains in the country, Advance No. 300 between Chicago, Toronto and Montreal, said, "I guess in my lifetime I've worked freights that have carried more passengers than the passenger runs did, especially out west in the Depression."

Bill Dupuis said, "The odd hogger or brakie thinks he owns the railroad, but there's some good ones too. Once, a freight conductor chased me off a train, but his hogger—his engineer—came back and took me up to the head end and put me into the cab of his second unit where it was warm."

"You meet some swell guys working on the railroad," Fred Elsdon told me. "Once a freight conductor bought me ham and eggs, and a fireman bought me a sandwich and a Coke and gave me some smokes. I only had one trainman ever tell me to get out of the yards, and I figured he had a mean wife."

Next to food—and sometimes ahead of it—the hobo's problem is how to get a drink. Tom Briggs is an exception. He told me he hadn't had a drink of liquor in twenty-five years. "I suffered too much from it in my younger days," he said.

"I'll drink anything. That's why I'm on the bum today," said Joe Goodall.

"There's not many stiff who are teetotalers," said Winnipeg Red. "I've never been able to discover whether it's the cause or the result of us being on the bum."

Bill Dupuis told me, "A lot of stiff drink, including me, lots of times. When I've scored on the stem I might sit in a beer parlor for a while, enjoying the talk and companionship. Cheap wine is the hoboes' favorite drink, although some go for rubbing alcohol or bay rum. Once or twice I've drunk Pink Lady, which is canned heat, or Serno, strained through a silk stocking or a pair of women's silk pants. It's a great drink along the Vancouver waterfront. After you strain the goop from the can, you get about an inch of pink alcohol. You cut it with water to taste, or depending on the condition of your guts, and away you go to Cloud Nine. They've got a new drink now on the west coast called Thor—fifty percent rubby-dub and fifty percent B.C. Vin Supreme. A gallon of wine and two bottles of rubby and you can throw a party in the jungles that'll last all night."

The talk turned to clothes and the problems of keeping reasonably clean on the road. One man maintained that the only hoboes today who are ragged and dirty are a few derelicts who travel by themselves and have a phobia about water. The average migrant shaves when he can, and is comparatively well dressed, for he hates to advertise his status when he's in a city.

He has no trouble begging castoff clothing from charitable institutions such as the Scott Mission, the Salvation Army

and the Catholic Charities, and he usually has his town clothes as well as rougher ones that he wears riding the trains.

Bill Dupuis wears a workshirt, slacks and a light poplin jacket in town. On the road he carries a sleeping bag, a change of socks and light underwear and a spare workshirt.

Fred Elsdon said, "I generally carry a small bag just like brakemen carry, and I wear a railroad cap. I just walk around the front of a train and climb up into one of the extra diesel units, even when it's standing in a station."

Packed among his clothes the hobo usually has a couple of cans of "Diefenbaker," the name hoboes have given to government surplus canned pork, a staple handout in western Canada missions.

Their favorite: Toronto's Scott Mission

In such cities as Vancouver, Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal he often gets his meals or sandwiches from missions, and he generally sleeps in municipal lodging houses, missions and hostels when the weather is cold or wet. He also sleeps in small-town police stations during the winter, if he's traveling then.

Tom Briggs told me, "In the summer I sleep under the stars, but in the winter I generally manage a flop in a police station cell."

Bill Dupuis said, "I've made a few missions when I had to, and I always eat here at the Scott when I'm in Toronto. There's a new Catholic joint in Vancouver that's pretty good, and the Seaton House here is all right. The Fred Victor Mission gives you two free flogs. It's better than it used to be, now they've built a new building."

"You used to have to sleep on the floor," interrupted Garfield Shilling.

"And keep your shoes on," added a little old man with a wooden leg.

He had joined the seminar late, and he asked me not to use his name as it might embarrass his married daughters. "The boys usually call me Pegleg," he said. "Years ago, when I traveled all

over the States, they called me Step-n-a-Half. I've rode all the big trains, even the tender of the Sante Fe Super Chief. Not for very far, mind you, but I rode her. I rode the fastest freight train in the United States twice."

"Which one's that?" somebody asked.

"Blue Streak. St. Louis to Houston, Texas."

The others nodded.

He told me that he had lost his leg in an accident at an Ontario gold mine in 1932, and received a small pension. After his wife died and his daughters got married he became a hobo. He was leaving for Sudbury that night to visit one of them.

Joe Goodall said, "The Old Brewery Mission in Montreal isn't bad."

"They're a fine bunch in the Salvation Army in Sudbury," said Fred Elsdon. "The Sally Ann in Port Arthur is no good. I was tired and hungry and the Sally Ann officer there gave me a choice between a sandwich and a bed. I took the sandwich and walked to Fort William."

They all agreed that Toronto's Scott Mission served the best free meals in Canada, bar none. After seeing them eating good chicken soup, hamburgers, mashed potatoes and peas, with coffee, and crackers, bread and cookies served boarding-house style, I had to agree.

"Not only are the meals good, but there's no regimentation," said Winnipeg Red. "There's no forms to fill out, no having to get your employment card stamped at the slave market, no tickets to ask for, nothing. You line up for it, and there it is. Any hungry man is welcome to eat here."

"The Rev. Mr. Zeidman is a true Christian," said Shilling.

"I got a big feed at a Catholic school in Mission, B.C.," said Fred Elsdon. "The Catholic nuns and fathers never turn you down."

Bill Dupuis said, "There's a joint in Duluth called the Bethel Mission. You have to go to chapel in the morning for a bowl of rice, in the afternoon for a bowl of soup, and again at night before they'll give you a flop. That joint has

the holiest mission stiff in America."

I mentioned that in my hobo days I had seen small wooden crosses along the railroad right-of-way in both Canada and in the United States. I wondered what happened to a hobo's body when he fell under a train.

"He's buried in Potter's Field," said Garfield Shilling.

"I think the medical students get his body."

Old Tom Briggs said to me, "They can do with my body whatever they want when I die. I know an old 'bo who is scared to death that they'll give his body to science. He turned over his pension to the Catholic institution that gives him his board. They've promised to bury him in holy ground." He laughed. "He's been there fifteen years already, and is as miserable as hell. Personally, I want to give my eyes to the eye bank when I kick off."

Inspector Shea of the CNR police later told me, "When an unidentified hobo is killed on the railway, his body is turned over to the nearest coroner. It is fingerprinted, and the prints are checked with the Mounted Police and the FBI. If the body is still unclaimed, it is buried in the local cemetery. Many years ago they may have buried hoboes, and perhaps even railway workers, along the right-of-way, but they don't any more."

I thanked the hoboes for answering my questions, and shook hands with Shilling, who was leaving that morning for Vineland, in the Niagara Peninsula, to transplant strawberries. Joe Goodall had to go get a ticket for his night's flop at the Seaton House. Winnipeg Red was going to see the Sally Ann welfare department, and Bill Dupuis had to go down to the employment office to have his employment card stamped.

Two of the younger hoboes, Ed and Slim, told me that they and Pegleg were going to jump a westbound freight in the Don Valley yards that evening. At dusk I walked down the steps from the Queen Street bridge and crossed the track to where Ed and Slim were leaning, almost invisible, against a fence.

"No. 409 is late tonight," Ed said. He was wearing a shiny brown suit. Over his shirt and tie he had pulled a blue cotton workshirt. Under one arm was a crumpled brown paper parcel. Slim had zippered a once-white pair of painter's coveralls over his city clothes. A rolled sleeping bag lay at his feet.

I asked if they had seen the old man. Slim said he was waiting down the riverbank with two other hoboes who had just arrived from Montreal on their way to the west coast.

It was quite dark when the bright beam of 409's headlight swung around the curve. Slim picked up his bedroll and he and Ed stepped behind the fence. I wished them luck and hurried across the tracks to the foot of the steps.

The three big diesel units whined past the small wooden station. The conductor jumped off, lantern in hand, and entered the station office. Ed and Slim picked a flatcar ladder apiece and climbed up on the slowly moving train. They lay motionless beneath a piggy-back highway trailer the car was carrying.

The two Montreal men emerged from the shadows and boarded another car. But not until the train came to a clanking halt did Pegleg make his move. He stumped across the track and with surprising agility swung aboard a flatcar that was carrying a giant earth-mover. Later on, I knew, he would climb into its cab and ride it in comfort to his reunion with his daughter. ★





CANADA'S COMMUNISTS continued from page 7

While Tim Buck was praising Joe Stalin, Mr. K was flailing him a few miles away

a clash of personalities. For Salsberg, and the lifetime Communist leaders who eventually stood with him, it was a searing examination of everything that communism stands for.

The prologue to the fight took place in Moscow in February 1956. Buck, as a fraternal delegate to the first congress held since Stalin's death of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, sat for two weeks applauding reports of Communist progress. On Friday, February 24, the congress officially closed except for a Russians-only session the following day to elect their central committee. Buck accepted an invitation to speak at a factory on Saturday afternoon. While he was telling Russian textile workers in a Moscow suburb how lucky they were to live under communism, Nikita Khrushchov, in the heart of Moscow, was telling Russian Communists about Stalin's "in-

fall from grace had been carefully hidden from the party's rank and file.

Joe Salsberg's growling voice and broad mustache—grown when he was a youthful union organizer—were probably the best-known symbols of communism in Ontario. He had been party labor organizer in the Thirties, when Communists were still powerful in trade unions, and a respected member of the Ontario legislature from 1943 to 1955. But neither his Tory admirers nor the Communist rank and file knew that for seven years Salsberg had been a mutinous party member.

Salsberg had come from Poland as a child, grown up as a rabbinical scholar and been a member of a left-wing Zionist group before coming to communism. A flamboyant, sentimental man, he is well read in Jewish literature and speaks fluent, expressive Yiddish, flavored with a slight Polish accent and melodramatic gestures. In 1948, when Yiddish publishing houses, Yiddish theatres and Yiddish writers in Russia disappeared mysteriously almost overnight, Salsberg demanded that the Canadian party ask an explanation of the Russians. He was rebuffed, but persisted until the exasperated executive voted him out of their ranks in 1954. A year later, they finally let him make an unofficial investigating trip to Russia.

Salsberg returned unsatisfied with the stock Russian explanation that Jews were being assimilated rapidly and just didn't want their own theatres and newspapers. At Buck's request he confined his official report to a few remarks on the need for more independent thinking in the Canadian party. Sensing trouble, Buck stood up to answer him. "What is good enough for the central committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union," Buck said, "is good enough for me." A year later that remark was thrown in his face.

In the *mea culpa* aftermath of the speech and at almost the same time as Salsberg's reinstatement, the Folks Stimme, official newspaper of Jewish Communists in Poland, reported that the Jewish intellectuals who'd disappeared in Russia had all been shot. The Canadian Jewish Weekly reprinted the Folks Stimme articles. The paper's editor, Joshua Gershman, a party member since 1924, screamed that it was "all the fault of the Beria gang" (Lavrenti Beria, Stalin's last chief of secret police, was tried and executed a year after Stalin's death) and things were different now in Russia. No one was listening. The Folks Stimme articles started a Jewish mass exodus from communism. The defectors took with them the United Jewish People's Order, an organization they had run in the party's interests for thirty years.

At the first executive meeting attended by Salsberg, Buck read two books of notes he had made on the Khrushchov speech and started the inner-party fight that was to last a year. The ten men and one woman who listened to him in incredulous silence had spent their lives defending Stalin and attacking, even expelling, any party member who dared question them too far. Now they learned from Stalin's own heir that Stalin had ruled Russia like an Oriental despot. One burly party leader who was renowned for his self-righteous brutality in dealing with heretics took to his bed for two weeks and refused to talk to anyone. He was

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tolerance, his brutality and his abuse of power."

Expert Sovietologists are still studying the effects of Khrushchov's "secret speech." But one thing it proved to Canadian Communists was that their leader was held in cynical contempt by the Russians. After the congress closed, Buck spent almost a month in the Soviet Union receiving treatment for arthritis, but not until the end of March, when he arrived in Warsaw to attend the state funeral of Boleslaw Bierut, secretary of the Polish party, did Buck learn anything of what had taken place in Russia while he was there.

Harry Pollitt, leader of the British party, had returned home immediately after the congress and found newspapers beginning to carry reports of the speech he had not been invited to hear. Pollitt flew back to Warsaw for the funeral and while he and Buck marched side by side in the solemn funeral cortege, Pollitt talked about the speech and cursed Khrushchov with a fluent stream of profanity.

Buck now claims he followed Pollitt almost immediately to England. But former party leaders say he went first to Moscow and complained bitterly until he was shown a translation (Buck cannot read Russian) of the speech. In any case he returned to Canada in mid-April. His first official act was to recall from secret exile the party's most troublesome public figure, J. B. Salsberg. Salsberg had been removed from the party's ruling clique, the national executive, in 1954, but so great was his popularity that news of his

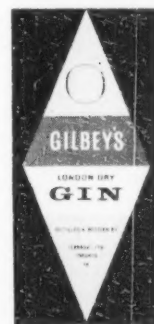


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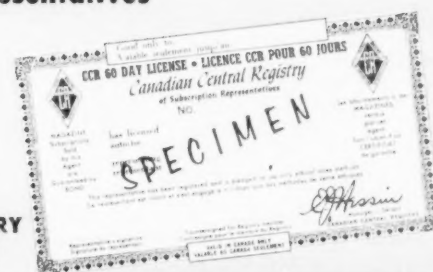


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one of the first to leave the party fold.

Buck, the pacifier, wanted to hold the party together. "For years we had quite wrongly supported the idea that communism was built in Russia because of the devotion of Stalin," Buck says. "Now we had to repudiate Stalin and at the same time maintain a sense of realism about the changes taking place in Russia. I had complete confidence in the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. But Joe could see only what had happened, not what was happening."

"I saw it happen in Russia," Salsberg says, "and spread to every country where Communists were in power. Good people, sincere, idealistic people, joined the party and became the hangmen of their friends. Maybe this was the only way to build communism. Maybe any other way it would take a hundred years. But I began to think it is better to wait a hundred years than to build communism on mountains of dead bodies."

The toppling of Stalin was a shock to party leaders, but to the rank and file, Buck says, "it was the political equivalent of a kick in the teeth." On June 19, the Communist paper, the Canadian Tribune, published a version of the speech released by the U.S. State Department. Comrade George, a former rank and file member, who asked that his real name not be used because of the new life he has built away from the party, remembers vividly his reaction to reading the speech.

"Everything I had suppressed for twenty years," he says, "erupted like the overflow from a sewer."

A thin, poetic Jew with an aging boyish face, he had joined the Young Communist League in the late Thirties, when he was fifteen and when "fascism was rising and there seemed to be no other answer to the failure of capitalism. I joined the party as I would have entered a monastery, putting the world behind me. We were the brave despised few but we had our great historical mission. We were the elect, the hierarchy were more elect, and the leader was by definition the truth. Then Khrushchov questioned Stalin and I could question Tim Buck."

By the end of the summer Buck was leading one small group and Salsberg was leading a disorganized opposition. Almost nightly for three months, the executive had met, argued, and drifted deeper into disagreement. Finally they decided to send a delegation of four — Buck, Salsberg, Leslie Morris and William Kardash — to Moscow.

They met minor Russian officials, were shown Jews in high offices, and were finally granted a two-and-a-half-hour audience with Khrushchov. Salsberg again raised the "Jewish question." Not only did Khrushchov parrot the now familiar assimilation routine but added some personal reasons — "Wherever a Jew sinks his anchor there immediately springs up a synagogue" — why he thought Jews were a special problem in Russia. "I knew then," Salsberg recalls, "that it was almost over for me."

When the delegation returned in mid-September, they spent three weeks fighting over the statement they were expected to make. Salsberg stood immovable against the other three but by now time was running out. The Quebec party demanded that Buck and Salsberg address a special membership meeting. Minutes before they were to leave for Montreal, Buck and Salsberg ran from the committee room to a car that waited with motor running to take them to the airport. They carried a statement that was part Buck, part Salsberg and so tangled with compromises and Communist jargon that neither man is sure, even today, of what it actually says.

But their disagreements were obvious as soon as both men had spoken. The Montreal meeting, interrupted countless times from the floor, lasted three nights and two days. "Anything went," Salsberg recalls. "Party discipline had broken down and people said things they would never have dared say before."

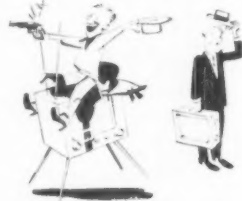
Buck and Salsberg returned to Toronto on Sunday night. Three days later, Gui Caron, the idealistic young leader of the Quebec party, quit, taking with him five more Quebec leaders and a large chunk of the membership. It was the first crack in party solidarity and it rapidly widened. Within six months, membership in Quebec — mostly French Canadians with an articulate minority of Jews — had dropped from 1,200 to 300.

In the next two weeks the weary, divided party leaders approached self-destruction. Khrushchov flew into Warsaw in mid-October and threatened the unruly Poles with the kind of pressure he was to apply to the Hungarians three weeks later. The Canadian Communist

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leaders voted to send a cable "greeting" Wladyslaw Gomulka, the Polish party chief, and a second cable to Nikita Khrushchov, warning him not to interfere. It was the first time in thirty-two years the Canadian Communists had challenged the Russians on anything. Buck said nothing during the furious debate on the cables and then, seeing the direction of the wind, voted to send them. Then the national executive voted for Buck's resignation. He refused; the national executive submitted a mass resignation, and the stage was set for a showdown.

The showdown was brutal and decisive. The central committee, which elects the executive from its own ranks, did not re-elect Salsberg's chief supporter, Salsberg himself, caught in a three-way tie for the last two executive places, declared "The committee has backed the policy of Comrade Buck — a policy that inhibits free speech," and withdrew from the runoff vote. Three members who had been re-elected to the executive then resigned in support of Salsberg. The central committee elected a new executive bristling with Buck supporters and voted to "rescind" the cable to Khrushchov. Buck now voted to apologize for the message he had voted to send two weeks earlier. He had won the fight but there was still a round left — the party's national convention in April.

For the next six months, Buck rallied his support in the west — where the fight had barely penetrated — while in Ontario Salsberg told anyone who would listen, and many who would not, that Communists must turn their back on Russia and

work for an "alignment" with their old enemies, the CCF and the trade unions. He pleaded for support at the convention — but those who agreed with him took his advice too literally. They quit the party in droves. By the time of the convention in April, 2,000 had already left.

The 167 delegates who met in Toronto over Easter weekend in 1957 spoke for the party's iron-hard core — fewer than 2,000 dogmatic, unshakable-by-anything Communists. They unanimously re-elected Buck party leader, approved his platform denouncing Salsberg and defeated Salsberg's token bid for a place on the central committee. Not even Buck could control them. Some of his most faithful party workers were not re-elected to the central committee—despite Buck's personal appeals — because they had dared to suggest that Salsberg be given a fair hearing.

Shortly after the convention, Salsberg and six former members of the executive quit the party for good. They were the editor of the Tribune and the leaders of the French Canadian and Jewish blocks, among them some of the party's best vote-getters and Buck's closest personal friends. He has never spoken to them since.

For a full year, an exhausted calm settled over what was left of the party. The Tribune shrank from twelve pages to eight; Le Combat, the French-language paper, folded, and the youth organization discharged its full-time staff and fell apart. The party's national office in Toronto moved into two shabby rooms rented from the All For One Mutual Benefit Society. "It was," Buck says, "a period of ideological consolidation."

Then in 1958, what Buck calls "a peculiar combination of circumstances" revived his party. John Diefenbaker won his 160-seat majority on a wave of political unrest; the sputniks softened the post-Hungary antagonism to Russia; unemployment became a national dilemma and the second convention of the Canadian Labor Congress called for a new party.

Two days after the CLC convention, Buck hustled an article into the Canadian Jewish Weekly, "welcoming" the formation of a new party. Since then, Communists have been tirelessly discussing and writing about the New Party, and waiting, like anxious and aging spinsters, to be asked to federate with it. "The bans and proscriptions now being contemplated by the right wing of the CCF won't prevent the expression of the radical left," Leslie Morris predicts.

So far, New Party organizers are resolutely ignoring the Communists, and the Communists are resolutely ignoring the fact that no one is listening to them. The mere appearance of a new party in Canada — even one founded by some of communism's bitterest enemies — seems to have invigorated Tim Buck's party.

Communist strength is negligible in the unions that will form the base of the New Party. There are isolated Communist clubs among automobile, railway, needle-trade, building-trade, and hotel and restaurant workers, which publish and distribute four-page newsletters. But the Communists have no leaders in these unions — they're banned by the CLC constitution — and almost no followers.

The United Electrical Workers, a union that will not be in the New Party and that does not ban Communists from its leadership, is facing a full-scale raid from the International Union of Electrical Workers. The IUE was awarded the UE's jurisdiction — really a licence to go raiding — in 1949, when the UE was thrown out of the Canadian Congress of Labor. George Hutchins, the Canadian president of IUE, has hired two organ-

izers whose full-time job this summer will be to win over UE workers.

The jurisdiction of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, the second national union that does not ban Communists from its leadership, was awarded to the United Steelworkers of America when Mine Mill was thrown out of the Canadian Congress of Labor in 1949. In twelve expensive years of raiding, Steel has not made any sizable dent in Mine Mill's membership, but Mine Mill has a big internal problem. Its Sudbury local 598, with half the union's Canadian membership — about 16,000 — was captured in 1958 by a noisily anti-Communist, anti-national-leadership faction, and now has enough votes to control the union's national convention in September.

In October 1959, the seventh convention of the Labor Progressive Party voted to change to the "scientifically correct" name of the Communist Party of Canada. Since then, the Communists have raised the circulation of their two English papers, the Canadian Tribune and the Pacific Tribune, from 10,000 to 12,000, and revived Le Combat, their French paper. The youth section, renamed the Young Communist League in 1959, now has a paid organizer, Ray Murphy, and claims 800 members. A Marxist Study Centre, organized in 1959, has prepared three briefs — on trade, Indian affairs and federal aid for education — for the party to present to the government. "We've turned the corner," Buck says.

Communists distinguish between themselves ("the party") and those organizations they actively support and sometimes control ("the movement"). The most important part of the movement is the Canadian Peace Congress, founded by the Rev. James Endicott in 1948.

Dr. Endicott is not a Communist but he is what Tim Buck calls "a partisan," someone who sympathizes with communism but because of personal reservation — Endicott himself says "I'm a Christian" — does not join the party. Endicott lost about a third of his supporters in 1956, most of them disillusioned by the Khrushchov speech and Hungary. For three years he continued making semi-annual trips across Canada while his organization did little more than stuff envelopes. But since 1959 he has led two demonstrations in Ottawa and last year held his first big rally since 1955 in Toronto's Massey Hall.

Most of Endicott's support comes from the mutual benefit societies, clubs, leagues, and federations of immigrant and first-generation workers from Eastern Europe who keep close ties with the homeland and call themselves "progressive." These organizations were once the Communist Party's greatest source of strength but are today its weakest link with the outside world.

They are not an organic part of the party, but they are represented by a fraction of their members — usually the most active fraction — who are Communists and who discuss the organization's affairs (the party calls it "mass work") in the party's Ukrainian, Russian, Slovak, Finnish, Carpatho-Russian, and Polish committees. The United Jewish Peoples Order is represented by Joshua Gershman, a member of the party's national executive (party supporters regained control of the UJPO in 1959, but by then most of the anti-Communists had already quit). The Macedonians and Bulgarians are represented by individual party members.

These organizations, formed during the Twenties and Thirties, were not replenished by the postwar waves of immigra-

tion and now their members are passing beyond middle age and losing their children — the second generation born in Canada — to the Canadian culture of white-collar jobs, suburban homes and American television.

The Federation of Russian Canadians has stopped its language classes and choirs in small towns. The Polish Democratic Association is down from 1,000 members after the war to 500; in the same 16-year period, membership in the federation of Yugoslav-Canadians has dropped from 5,000 to 600. The Bulgarian Canadian Peoples League has withered to 46 members.

Buck says, "We advise our comrades engaged in mass work that their groups can merge with the Canadian culture and still keep their own identity. We're against forced assimilation, but we believe that assimilation is historically a progressive trend." But assimilation is slowly shifting the party's base membership — from 65 percent Slavic and Jewish in 1956 to less than 50 percent today — and submerging its last isolated islands of voting strength, the prewar immigrant ghettos of Toronto and Montreal.

In Montreal Cartier, a poor Jewish section, where Fred Rose, the one and only Communist MP, was elected twice in the Forties before being sent to jail for espionage, the party drew 896 votes in 1953 and didn't even bother to run a candidate in 1957 and 1958. In St. Andrew, a provincial riding where Salsberg beat Nathan Phillips — then a veteran alderman and now mayor of Toronto — by 5,000 votes in 1948, the Jewish and Ukrainian workers have been replaced by Hungarian and German immigrants and Negroes. In the 1959 provincial election, Bruce Magnuson, the leader of the Ontario Communists, won 402 votes in St. Andrew.

Salsberg, and those who left the party with him, held a few meetings among themselves and then drifted apart. They were anxious to avoid the impression that they were trying to create a new Communist party. To a man, they have gone into business for themselves — the prejudice of rabid anti-Communists froze them out of jobs — and have avoided politics. As a group they are remarkably devoid of bitterness.

"It isn't to laugh and it isn't to cry," Salsberg says, quoting Spinoza. "It is to understand."

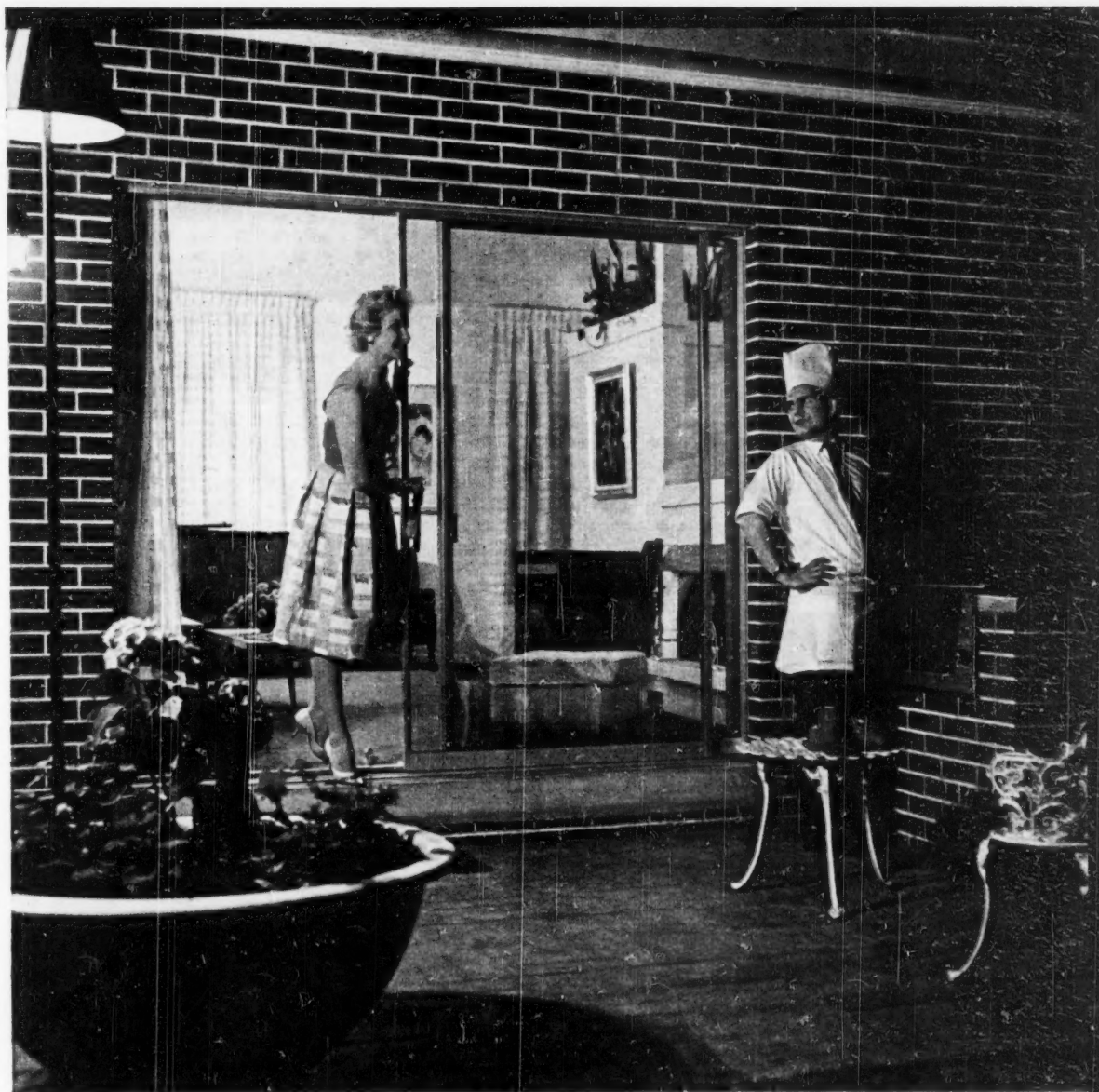
Comrade George, unlike the men he followed for so many years, still chokes on the aftertaste of communism. "The Communist party has been and always will be ineffectual in Canada," he says. "Its only crime was to completely destroy a whole generation of people." ★



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THE OTTAWA continued from page 8

Wolves in August? I was astonished. But the riverman assured me it was so

of the Middle Ages or in England, but the practice was reinstituted in France in 1549 and from France it was introduced into Canada by the Intendant Jean Talon in 1650, when he had logs driven on the St. Maurice and the St. Lawrence down to Quebec. Therefore the English, when they entered Canada, found log driving an established practice with a considerable body of French law clustered about its rights. So in the recent contest between the Upper Ottawa Improvement Company and the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission, their lordships had to judge a case in which some of the legal concepts involved were developed long before Confederation and outside the Common Law of England. Owing to the history and the locality of the Ottawa River, they go all the way back to the European homeland of the senior North American people.

Next to the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa is the most historical river in Canada, so important in the nation's development that it is hard to imagine that Canada could have come into being without it. The Ottawa was discovered long ago, it flows through the heart of the country's heartland, it should be familiar to every citizen.

In a certain way I suppose it is familiar in the sense that a man knows his early childhood. Most of us have read that Cartier saw the sun gleam on the Ottawa when he stood on Mount Royal that fine day in 1535. We know that Champlain paddled up the river as far as Chaudiere Falls, and that after his time the river was one of the vital water links used by the voyageurs of the fur trade in their passage to the west. At one time or another the Ottawa has been known intimately by most of the men of whom the country is proud: the first explorers and the first martyrs, the adventurers of the North West Company, famous governors like Dalhousie and Elgin, governors-general and all the prime ministers, several kings and at least one Queen of the British Empire and Canada. Quite a few of us, though I would hesitate to guess how many, have read Tom Moore's poem beginning "Faintly as tolls the evening chime . . ." and remember it was inspired by the poet's sight of the canoe brigades leaving Lachine for the Ottawa by way of the channel at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, where stood the last chapel in which a man could pray before disappearing into the wilderness. And, in a general way, most of us know that for more than a century the Ottawa has been one of the great lumbering rivers of the world.

Despite all this, I cannot help thinking of the Ottawa as the unknown river of Canada, the one everyone takes for granted and thinks he knows until you ask him questions about it. Little has been written about the river, probably because the St. Lawrence has always dwarfed it in the public imagination. Much of its history is hazed or has been entirely lost, as though the plans and deeds of hundreds of men who labored here had simply disappeared, with nobody caring. As I continued studying the river I became more and more certain that hardly anyone these days thinks about it. Then I began asking people the first question anyone asks when he becomes interested in a river: "How long is the Ottawa?"

"How long is it?" A lady whose family history is so entwined with the river that

I think of it whenever the river's name is mentioned gave a surprised smile. "I never thought of asking anyone," she said. "Is it as long as a hundred miles?"

A man from an old Montreal family went her one better: he gave the length as sixty-five miles.

A Montreal lawyer who often travels to the capital on business offered a figure of a hundred and ten miles. Then he suddenly recollected that this is approximately the distance between Parliament Hill and the St. Lawrence and took the figure back. "Somehow or other I've never thought of the Ottawa beyond the Chaudiere," he said. "But of course I've always known it goes away beyond."

So it went for several weeks, and in all that time the closest estimate I acquired from anyone — and I must have asked more than fifty educated people — was anything from two hundred to four hundred and fifty miles. Finally I talked to a Montreal friend who years ago had paddled down the Lièvre, the Ottawa's second longest tributary, and

PARADE

Shopee-worn

A slight indication of the kind of split personality that Victoria might develop if any serious attempt were made to modernize the whole city is offered in this Colonist ad: "Tea 'n' crumpets now being served at ye olde A&W Drive-Inn."

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then had continued down the main-stream to Montreal. This trip was one of the most vivid recollections of his life, for in places the Lièvre is wild and dangerous.

"One thing I'm sure of," he said, "the Ottawa is longer than most people think."

"Yes, but how long? Four hundred miles? Six hundred?"

"It might be more than that." Then, after reflection: "It might be less." Then, after further reflection: "Actually I doubt if anyone really knows how long that river is."

Several weeks later I concluded that he was absolutely right: nobody does. And this set me to thinking how typical this river is, in more ways than one, of the land Bruce Hutchison has called The Unknown Country. Like everyone else I myself had taken the Ottawa for granted, just as I had taken for granted so many other things in Canada before I learned better.

"Do you mean there are wolves here?" I asked a man on Allumette Island last spring.

He smiled, having been asked that question before, and in the same tone of voice.

"Let me tell you a story about wolves. Only last year, in August, I drove a tractor up there to take out a fishing party." He pointed into the high bush on the north side of the channel. "In there among the hills a few miles, some Americans were fishing a lake. The fish were biting and on toward twilight they wanted to stay, but I told them we'd better get out on account of the wolves. They laughed at me. 'What do you mean, wolves up here? We're only a hundred miles from Ottawa city.' So I went over to a big birch and cut off

bark and made a moose call, and right after I called you should have seen the faces on those Americans. The whole mountain came alive with wolves howling. One pack I heard quartering the trail and another moving south to cut us off. 'Let's get out of here,' I said, and we charged out down that trail as fast as the tractor could go, which was only thirty miles an hour. The wolves came out of the trees. I don't know how many there were but there were enough to have torn us to pieces if they'd closed in. That's just what they looked like doing when we came around a bend and saw a light in an Indian's cabin. They faded out at the light."

I was as astonished as the Americans. Wolves in August? But the man's face looked solidly reliable, and another man standing beside him nodded. To repeat, this was only about a hundred miles above the capital, and on the Ontario side of the river the country has been settled for years.

You see this pattern of contrasts clearest of all in the capital itself, where every influence in the country is visible and many of them are at odds with one another. Parliament Hill stands nobly on its bluff with the foam-flecked river swirling below away from the Chaudiere toward the mouth of the Gatineau and the Rideau Falls. Here, miraculously captured by the architects, are visibly united the three separate heritages that originally formed the nation. Nobody can look at Parliament Hill, especially in the evening from the little park behind the Chateau Laurier, without being reminded of ancient France, Westminster and Edinburgh Castle. Yet that splendid mass stands isolated in the commonplace red brick of old Bytown, and faces across river not only to the Laurentian wilds, but also to one of the biggest lumber stacks in the country. This is appropriate enough. But lately on top of that hideous industrial congeries in Hull there shines at night in brilliant neon, outstaring and diminishing the dignity of Parliament, a huge advertisement for toilet paper.

But I am forgetting the question of the Ottawa's length, and the man's statement that it is almost impossible to determine it.

Most encyclopedias place the river's source in Lake Temiskaming and give its length as 696 miles, which would mean that the Ottawa is only about a hundred miles shorter than the Rhine. But what lies behind Lake Temiskaming? At least one official Quebec map shows the thread of the *Rivière Outaouais* winding far behind Temiskaming to the northeast, deep into the Laurentian forest where it connects weirdly shaped lakes all the way to Lac au Bouleau in La Verendrye Park.

If this is the Ottawa's true source, the river must be almost as long as the Athabasca. But how can this or any single lake be the true source of a river so unusually formed? Along the whole course—below Temiskaming as well as above it—the Ottawa is virtually a chain of lakes. Nor are these formed by the river in the way the St. Lawrence forms Lake St. Louis and Lake St. Peter by swelling into flat land. Most of these lakes feed the Ottawa, though the river, flowing through them in a mild current and generally pouring out of the gaps at their ends with a fierce rush, certainly adds to their volume.

Just after becoming acquainted with

this phenomenon, I found myself intrigued by another. The Ottawa is a part of the Laurentian system, being the chief tributary; yet it is also a system in its own right with eleven substantial tributaries of its own, of which the 240-mile Gatineau is the longest. The third longest of the tributaries, the Coulouge, joins the mainstream at Fort Coulouge, not much more than seventy miles above the capital. Unquestionably it flows south for the 135 miles of its course. But if you trace the Coulouge to its origin, what do you find? You find it issuing from a lake in a section in La Vérendrye Park where the water pattern is so confused that you could almost persuade yourself that the Coulouge draws at least a little of its source waters from that same Lac au Bouleau which some believe is the prime source of the Ottawa itself. It would be pleasant to imagine that it does, for then one could argue that the Ottawa for most of its course flows in a circle, and that the final stretch between Fort Coulouge and the confluence with the St. Lawrence is merely the tail of a vast fluvial Q.

Before Queen Victoria selected Bytown as the capital for the Dominion of Canada, the Ottawa River served this continent, and also the French and British empires, in several distinctly different ways. It became one of the vital avenues of exploration and trade into the continent's heart. It became the centre of one of the world's largest lumbering industries. The south side of its valley, with rolling land and good soil, offered a homeland to a large contingent of settlers, most of them originally Loyalists or retired officers on half pay, and over the years their quiet labor helped to make Ontario our richest province.

Yet even in the earliest days, even in the first famous records, the picture formed of the Ottawa is familiarly vague. The first white man to see the Chaudière is generally assumed to have been Champlain. But was he? From the sparse records it seems likely that one, and perhaps two, of Champlain's men were there before him, and that the first was the wild Etienne Brûlé, who later traveled south from the Chaudière by way of the Rideau, crossed the St. Lawrence and discovered the Susquehanna. Champlain first went up the Ottawa in 1613 hoping that "the River of the Algonquins" would lead him eventually to the Sea of Japan. He is certainly the first man to have attempted to map and describe the Ottawa country.

The river in his time (and for years after it) was one of the most savage regions on earth. Iroquois war parties stalked the nomad Algonquins, and when they captured them, they indulged in the favorite Iroquois entertainment of burning them alive, sometimes fifty stakes at a time. The Hurons, whom they also hunted, were just as bad, and the Ottawa served Jean de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalemant as an avenue to one of the most horrible martyrdoms perpetrated in North America.

Despite Champlain's explorations, the French of New France did little with the Ottawa. Their settlement extended only a short distance upstream beyond Lake of Two Mountains (which Champlain christened Lake Soissons), and they did virtually nothing to develop the river as an avenue of trade.

It was the North West Company that did that, and by the mid-eighteenth century its canoe men had turned the river into such a thoroughfare that the paths

along the portages were worn smooth. These westbound fur traders, nearly all of them, had an uncanny sense of geography. By following the Ottawa to the neighborhood of Nipissing they not only avoided the longer portages of the upper St. Lawrence; they bypassed the first two Great Lakes, and most of Lake Huron as well. Leaving Nipissing by French River, the brigades were then able to use the sheltered North Channel behind Manitoulin Island and so reach Sault Ste. Marie. So well was the route developed that in the early nineteenth century a single express canoe, manned by crack paddlers and using food stores established at regular points along the banks, was able to reach Fort William in the incredible time of eighteen days from Lachine.

A Yankee changed it all

Though the fur trade was the most vital industry of early Canada, it had one grave disadvantage: it discouraged settlement everywhere because settlers drive away fur-bearing animals. The creator of a farming and industrial society along the Ottawa was neither a French Canadian nor a Scot of the North West Company; he was the Massachusetts Yankee Philemon Wright.

Wright first visited the Ottawa in the last year of the eighteenth century, liked what he saw, and returned with a small colony to break land. But this man was destined for a career more adventurous than farming. Wright was born with the Yankee talent for complex organization, which sees one activity dovetailing into a dozen others. He was a surveyor, a colonizer, a farmer, a woodsman, a lumberman, and, in the end, a shipping

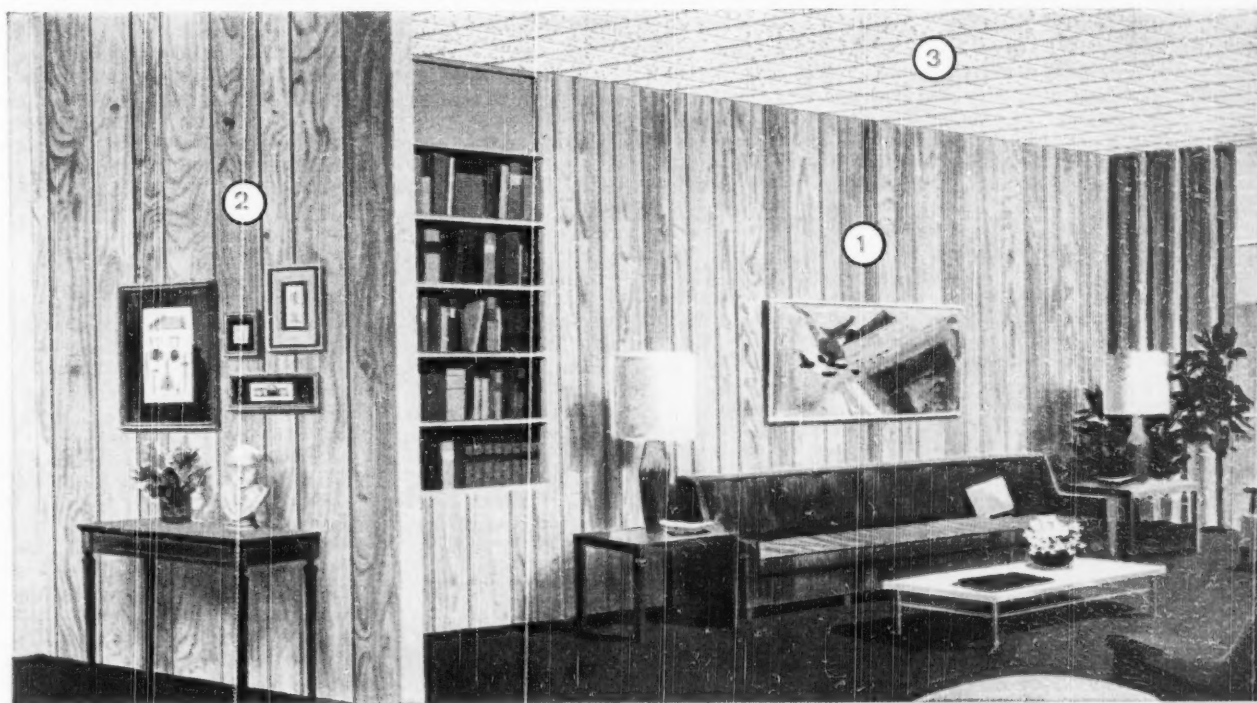
man and businessman involved in international affairs. Nobody in Canadian history was luckier in the coincidence of his private dream with a pressing public need.

When Wright surveyed the Ottawa forests he found an abundance of white pine standing two hundred feet tall. Here also were oaks, hickories, maples, butternuts and cedars, and a strong river flowed through them. Wright dreamed of a "fleet of a thousand ships carrying Ottawa timber to the sea," and for this purpose he made a systematic survey of the river. In Montreal they told him he could never succeed: heavy ships or log rafts could not be conveyed through the Ste. Anne de Bellevue passage or down the Lachine Rapids. But Wright searched elsewhere, and found what he wanted in the north-about route past Bout de l'Île which the voyageurs had neglected.

At this very time, and for the first time in history, it so happened that the demand for Canadian timber became suddenly exorbitant. The cause was Napoleon's control of the Baltic ports of Scandinavia, which previously had sent timber to the English shipyards. In 1801 Nelson had fought the Battle of Copenhagen to prevent Napoleon from using the Danish fleet against the Royal Navy. In 1807 the British seized the remnants of the Danish fleet and held them hostage, but their shipyards were still cut off from Baltic timber. It was in that year, however, that Philemon Wright's first cargo of Ottawa timber reached Quebec and was trans-shipped to England.

This was the beginning of an immense and growing lumber industry, one that transformed the Ottawa Valley and made

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Quebec City the chief lumber port of the world.

Great fortunes were made in Ottawa timber over a period of a century and a half, and in modern times the industry has expanded to include pulp and paper, so that you cannot travel far along the Ottawa without smelling sulphur.

But lumbering, though not exactly a nomad industry, by its very nature is bound to keep a human community frozen for years in a state of cultural infancy. The lumbermen of the Ottawa cut over a territory and then moved on, leaving the cut-over land alone while a new generation of trees grew up. This meant that they built nothing for permanence.

In the heyday of the lumbering business in the last century, the Ottawa Valley was one of the toughest regions in North America. The work gangs were almost the size of regiments, and often they were recruited racially. Their life and their food, their isolation from civilized society, their sex-hunger and loneliness made them perpetually quarrel-

some. The Irish fought with the French and feuds between shanties and shanty-men endured for years while the men stayed the same, generation after generation, cutting the trees, driving the logs, clearing them from jams, taking them over waterfalls, and subsisting on pea soup, pork and beans, and tea the strength of lye.

It was directly out of this background that the present capital of Canada developed, and whenever I see the civil servants walking down Wellington Street with their briefcases I marvel at the human capacity for change. For old Bytown, and even young Ottawa, was a barbarous place. In 1832, when Colonel John By and his Royal Engineers completed their six-year job of digging the Rideau Canal with its forty-seven locks, the town named after him was a huge work camp containing more than two thousand human souls. Hideous and semi-savage, it rapidly grew into the largest lumbering centre on the river. Its streets were muddy tracks leading from sawmills to taverns, and drunken brawl-

ing made them dangerous. Bytown endured everything, including a typhus epidemic in 1847 that nearly decimated it. Then, only a few years after its name was changed to Ottawa, its fortune changed, too. In 1857, Queen Victoria nominated Ottawa as the capital of the United Canadas.

The rest of the country was mortified; American journalists, then hostile to all things British, gave hoots of merriment. The cultivated Englishman Goldwin Smith, described Ottawa as "a sub-arctic lumber village converted by royal mandate into a political cockpit." Everything connected with Ottawa in this time seemed ridiculous. In order to make room for the new Houses of Parliament, Colonel By's old barracks were not simply torn down and carted away: they were dumped over the cliff into the river. But the work went on, and a hundred years ago, in 1860, Ottawa received its first royal visit. The Queen's eldest son, the future Edward VII, arrived to lay the cornerstone of the main parliament building, and a primitive but extremely

vivid photograph recalls not only the occasion but also the nature of Ottawa in those days. The prince stands there, trowel in hand and with no expression on his Hanoverian countenance, and about him stands a semicircle of politicians in top hats and frock coats. But the scene is stolen by the citizenry. There they are, hundreds of workmen in shirts and checked trousers, ankle deep in mud, all set to give him three cheers the moment the old Bytown Brass Band had finished playing *God Save the Prince of Wales*.

Now all the human aspects of the Ottawa Valley have changed. The lovely seignior of the old rebel Papineau has become a hotel, the lumbermen in the woods eat better than eighteenth-century kings, and Ottawa has become the most sedate city in the land.

All has changed, apparently, except the old habit of taking the Ottawa River for granted. ★

This is the last in Hugh MacLennan's series on the rivers of Canada.

ESP

EXTRASENSORY POWERS AMONG CANADIANS *continued from page 11*

"It ought not to happen — but it does happen," one scholar says

"We can't fit it into the physical laws of the universe as we define them today," says Dr. W. Grey Walter, the great English authority on the brain. According to orthodox belief, a human being can derive information only through his senses. What he can't hear, see, feel, touch or smell, he can't know.

"I will not accept ESP because it doesn't make sense," says Dr. D. O. Hebb, formerly head of McGill University's department of psychology. "My own rejection of his [Rhine's] views is—in a literal sense—prejudice." Dr. George R. Price, a University of Minnesota researcher, urges parapsychologists "to stop cluttering up the pages of scientific journals with your claims. Believers in ESP are guilty of human error or deliberate fraud."

There is no lack of illustrious spokesmen to reply to this kind of criticism. Aldous Huxley says that the rejection of Psi because it does not conform to existing scientific beliefs is "captious." Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin, Pasteur—all propounded theories that went beyond the established views of their time. Professor H. H. Price, for twenty years holder of the Wykeham chair of logic at Oxford University, says, "Telepathy is something which ought not to happen if the materialistic view were true. But it does happen. So there must be something seriously wrong with the materialistic view."

The pioneers of modern psychiatry—Bergson, Freud, Jung, Charcot—were sympathetic to the view that people possessed extrasensory perception. In the past forty years, convincing testimony that Psi exists has been gathered by the research and studies of such people as Dr. Rhine of Duke University, Dr. Robert McConnell, a University of Pittsburgh physicist; psychologist Whately Carington and philosopher C. D. Broad of Cambridge University; Dr. Charles Richet, a French Nobel Prize-winner. The statistical methods used in ESP by men like Rhine are said to be "fool-proof" by Dr. J. A. Greenwood, chief statistician for the U.S. Defense Bureau of Economics.

Financial and moral backing for ESP research is now coming from the Rockefeller, Fulbright and CIBA foundations. Lectures and symposia on Psi have been

sponsored by the American Philosophical Association, the British Society of Experimental Biologists and the Royal Society of Medicine. Parapsychological experiments are now going on in the universities of at least twenty countries.

"Unless there is a giant conspiracy, involving some thirty universities all over the world and several hundred highly respected scientists in various fields, the only conclusion the unbiased observer can come to must be that there does exist a small number of people who obtain knowledge existing in other peoples' minds or in the outer world by means as yet unknown to science," says Professor H. J. Eysenck, who occupies the chair of psychology at the University of London.

Sigmund Freud once said that he took ESP seriously because of the minute observations of so many intelligent and reliable witnesses. ESP deserves to be taken seriously for the same reason today. In preparation for a broadcast series, the CBC advertised in the newspapers for people who had Psi experiences. They expected a dozen replies; they received almost two thousand. I have read many of these and listened to dozens of the writers recite their experiences on tape. I was impressed by the intelligence and objectivity of so many of the CBC respondents. They include millionaires, businessmen, engi-

neers, accountants, writers, actors, artists and housewives. Many are university graduates; some are still engaged in academic work. A high proportion of them seem to be down-to-earth people with no pathological interest in the bizarre or supernatural.

An Ontario engineer described how he has saved his life half a dozen times by hunches. Now thirty-eight, he thinks he will die in his forty-second year. He explains: "I'm neither scared nor neurotic. I'm in good health, and I have a lovely wife and five children. I do not regard my premonitions as silly, nor do I dwell on them." Moe Moss, a 48-year-old Montreal office manager who as a boy could read his teacher's mind by telepathy, reports, "I've never studied ESP, nor have I mentioned my experiences before for fear of ridicule."

A Vancouver man foresaw a car that would drive into his garage—right down to the two-tone color job and the Chinese driver. He also dreamed about the western entrance to Kamloops, B.C., two hundred and sixty-five miles from his home, three months before his first visit there. His dream was correct, in photographic detail. "Many people will doubt me," he says, "but believe me—I've never been connected with séances or that sort of thing. There must be an explanation for my foresight, but I myself don't understand it."

To be sure, a number of the letters written to the CBC were irrelevant; some were incredible. A married man from Halifax complained that every time he thought of sex he sneezed. "Can you explain this occurrence?" he asked. Another Maritimer, a girl, explained that she had her origin in the lost continent of Atlantis. Later, in reincarnation, she was an Egyptian dancing girl who was promoted to the office of High Priestess only to be stabbed to death by a jealous High Priest. "I was also present at the Crucifixion," she reports. A Vancouver man claimed to have a "magnetic" camera that has taken pictures of fairies and flying saucers, who "taught me how to paint." A self-styled Toronto "professor" claims to have removed clouds from the sky, at will, while another "professor" living near Ottawa described himself as an outstanding authority on "clairvoyance, reincarnation

and Carnation milk, mental healing, dangerous criminal secret societies and queers and quirks."

Letters of this calibre were rejected. Then, with some guidance from Dr. Rhine, the CBC sifted through the remainder and retained, after interviewing many of the letter writers, what appeared to be the three hundred most authentic cases of ESP and PK. From the parapsychologist's point of view, these personal experiences are valuable because they suggest laboratory experiments that ultimately may cast further light on the mysterious world of Psi.

I have a number of observations to make about the best Psi cases I examined. Most of them are gloomy and tragic, foretelling the death or injury of a close relative or friend. The majority of the individuals reporting are women and most of the paranormal activity takes place during a dream. All these features, according to Dr. Rhine and Dr. Louisa Rhine, his wife and assistant, have a logical explanation. "Death," says Dr. Rhine, "is a major event in life. It is the cause of the greatest anxiety. ESP of the future is usually connected with tragic events because communication is more intense in these situations." Possibly the will to survive is so strongly implanted in the human psyche that, awake or asleep, all our senses are working to warn us of impending destruction or injury. As for the occurrence of Psi during dreams, the probable explanation is that Psi is an activity of the unconscious mind, and it is during sleep that the unconscious functions most sensitively.

That women are more Psi-prone than men has been noted in practically every centre where this subject has been investigated: at Duke, where thousands of case histories have been compiled, seventy-five percent have come from women. "Men live in an atmosphere which is not conducive to psychic experience," says Dr. Louisa Rhine. "They have to be rational and realistic. A doctor or businessman can't afford to talk about hunches, intuitions or dreams." A woman has no such inhibitions. Another possible explanation is that ESP most frequently occurs between people who are close to each other and it is women who have the greater capacity to experience a deep attachment to another person. Thousands of ESP communications have been reported between the two groups that are most intensely bound together—mothers and children.

PARADE

Legman

Our faith in medicine was shaken by a recent report from Barrie, Ont. There an elderly gentleman who had been a diabetic for some years was briefly confined to hospital for some other ailment, and put up an awful fuss when asked to roll up his sleeve and have his arm swabbed, etc., before his daily insulin injection. A lot of nonsense, he declared . . . for years he'd been jabbing himself in the leg, without even taking off his trousers, let alone his long underwear.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's.

Indeed, Dr. Joan Fitzherbert, who directs a child guidance centre in England, recently published a study suggesting that mothers and very young children "understand each other" chiefly through telepathy and clairvoyance. Without being told, children know what their mothers are thinking and feeling. "They know things impossible to learn through ordinary, conscious channels." The constant flow of ESP communication between mother and child, says Dr. Fitzherbert, is the real reason why a change of mothers is so traumatic to a youngster during the pre-speech years. "The sudden appearance of another mother, with a completely different mental content, results in shock and confusion."

A Hungarian widow, now living and working in Montreal, is still shaken by an experience of precognition some years ago. When her son was three, she dreamed of a priest in a gold-embroidered stole, standing beside a small coffin. "I didn't actually see the coffin, but I knew it contained my son and I knew he was eleven years old. When I awoke I wondered if this meant that my boy would die when he was eleven." Several years passed. When Russian troops took up a position near the widow's suburban home, she fled with her son to Budapest, five miles away. Every night, for two weeks, she had the same dream: She was back in her home with her son; suddenly he rushed out into the garden, which was in a haze, lay down in his wading pool and died.

One day she returned to her home, accompanied by her son, to gather up some of her valuables. She didn't realize that the area was under bombardment. A bomb exploded in the garden and her son was hit by a large splinter that crashed through the window. Injured and burned, his clothes afire, he rushed out of the house into the garden. "The garden was in a haze because of the explosion. For relief, my son lay down in the wading pool and died. All this took place three days before his eleventh birthday."

Her grim dream came true

I heard a woman, living in the Halifax district, recount how she foretold an unusual incident relating to the death of her husband. "It would start with a pain," she said. "I'd be sitting in my apartment living room with my husband when suddenly I'd get a pain in my head. Things in the room would suddenly whirl around and I'd experience a brief waking dream. I'd be sitting on a fast train with my husband. Without a word, he'd get up and start walking toward the next coach. He wouldn't answer me when I asked him where he was going, so I would get up and follow him. We went through several cars. Then he would enter the baggage car, slamming the door shut before I could enter. I'd bang on the door with my fists, shouting, 'Let me in, let me in.' Then I would return to my senses and find myself hitting the wall of my living room with my fists, screaming 'Let me in.'"

"I had exactly the same dream three times but I had quite forgotten it several months later when my husband died. It was my heart-breaking duty to travel three thousand miles by train, to take his body back to our home town for burial. I suddenly had the urge to see him again. I walked through a few cars and came to the baggage car. The door was locked. I found myself clobbering the door with my fists, shouting, 'Let me in. Let me in.' A conductor came and refused my request—just the way it

was in the dream. All of this is God's truth."

Many people described how precognition, in the form of hunches or premonitions, saved them from certain injury or death. An Ontario construction superintendent was poking along the dimly lit top floor of a damaged building looking for a leak in a water pipe. "Something warned me and I suddenly stopped in my tracks and lit a match. I found that my feet were half a step away from the edge of a deep shaft," he says. The same man, while driving a tank during the Sicilian invasion in World War II, came to a bend in the road. "A mental warning" urged him to keep turning, instead of following the curve. The tank landed in a ditch. The tank behind him roared around the bend, and, fifty yards farther on, was knocked out by German guns. Dr. Rhine advises, "If you have a realistic dream warning of danger ahead, heed it."

Another variety of ESP, distinct from precognition, is telepathy, "direct, brain-to-brain communication." In telepathy, messages are sent and received instantaneously, faster than the speed of light. Distance doesn't, seemingly, weaken the strength of the signal. This feature of telepathy has intrigued the realistic and practical Westinghouse Electric Corporation. Three years ago, the company set up a department under a young physicist and electrical engineer, Dr. Peter A. Castruccio, to find out exactly how telepathy works. Ultimately, they hope to apply the process to long-distance communication. After three years of study, Castruccio is a firm believer in ESP but he has yet to formulate a theory that will explain it. One writer has described Castruccio's offbeat assignment as "intellectually frustrating because, in classical science, trying to look for a communication system which is not obviously powered by energy is like looking for a sentence without words." But the evidence is strong that such communication does exist.

A Toronto woman recently arrived from England took her children to the beach for a picnic. In mid-afternoon, she could distinctly hear her own name, "Annie, Annie, Annie," being called but, after carefully looking around, couldn't identify the caller. This was repeated a number of times. When she got home that evening, her husband handed her a cable from England, announcing her mother's death that afternoon. The cable explained that the dying woman's last wish was to see the daughter who had moved to Canada.

Mrs. Hélène Storry, housewife and writer of East Caledon, Ontario, says that in November 1944, at three in the afternoon, she was washing dishes in the kitchen. She was happy; her fiancé, an airman, was due home on leave the next day. She was suddenly shocked to hear him calling her name. "There was no mistaking it," she says. "He had a thick Scottish accent." She became apprehensive because he had once told her that if anything ever happened to him she would be the first to know about it. The next day, she received a telegram announcing that her fiancé had been killed in action the previous afternoon. She checked and learned that he had been shot down over Germany at three o'clock.

The third ESP power, clairvoyance, has been described by Dr. Rhine as "the sister phenomenon of telepathy." It occurs as frequently as telepathy. Literally translated, clairvoyance means "clear seeing." In parapsychological terms it means directly observing objects or events in a remote place. Many



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interesting cases of clairvoyance were included in the Psi reports to the CBC.

The 60-year-old chief designer of a large construction company had drawn up the plans of a highway overpass that was just being completed. He awoke one night with the strong feeling that a vital supporting part — known as a stiffener — was missing from one section of the construction. He immediately checked his blueprints and drawings but could find nothing wrong. Still worried, the next day he talked to the resident engineer who assured him that no omissions had been made. Unsatisfied, he picked up a fellow engineer and drove out to the overpass. Without hesitation, the chief designer walked straight to the place in the overpass he had dreamed about and, sure enough, the stiffener was missing. This oversight, within a few years, might have led to a serious accident. "This isn't the first time I've had experiences of this sort," said the designer. "I'm aware of having a sixth sense."

In 1942, a six-year-old boy was reported missing near Rockland, twenty miles east of Ottawa. A search party was organized under an Ontario Provincial Police constable, Ralph C. Edge, who has since retired from the force and is in the car business in Pembroke. Edge directed search parties throughout the district for two days. At six o'clock on the morning of the third day, a farmer's wife, living six miles from where the boy had vanished, awakened her husband and told him that she had dreamed that the child was lying at the base of a rock on the eastern boundary of their farm. "The farmer went directly to the rock and found the semi-conscious, starved child," says Edge. A complete report of this case is in the OPP records.

Obviously, ESP could be a boon to the police. In Holland, Dr. W. H. C. Tenhaeff, professor of parapsychology at the University of Utrecht, has been experimenting with the possible use of ESP to find missing people, locate stolen goods, expose smugglers and get descriptions of criminals. He claims a number of successes. One of Dr. Tenhaeff's most gifted psychics, it is said, described the unknown assailant of a pretty blonde as a tall, dark man of thirty with a deformed left ear. He went on to state that the weapon used was a hammer borrowed from a friend who lived in a small white cottage, which is one of a group of three white cottages. This information, according to one report, was enough for the police to make an arrest.

Dr. Rhine doesn't deny the possibility that Psi has played a useful role, at times, in police work. "But the time is still premature to use it as a method of detection," he says.

Psychokinesis or PK is the most bewildering and fascinating of all the Psi phenomena. Can mind influence matter?

In 1934, a lucky craps shooter walked into Dr. Rhine's laboratory and described his long record of gambling successes. "I can actually tell the dice what to do," he said. "It's a case of mind over matter." When tested, his claim appeared to be justified. After numerous experiments involving hundreds of people and millions of dice throws, Rhine and other parapsychologists are convinced that the fall of the dice can be influenced by the will of the thrower.

Indisputable evidence already exists that the mind does control matter within the human body. The English psychiatrist Dr. J. A. Hadfield—and the same experiment has been repeated by others—touched a hypnotized patient on the arm with his finger and told him, "I've just burned you with a red-hot poker."

The next day, an ugly, inflamed heat blister, full of fluid, appeared on the spot. I have read many of the authoritative articles that have appeared in scientific journals during the past seventy-five years, describing how warts have been banished by suggestion. If the powers of PK can be fully described and authenticated, it is possible that we will have the first scientific evidence concerning the efficacy of prayer and miracles. For most miracles can best be described as the ascendancy of the mind or spirit over matter.

A Toronto salesman recalls an incident when he was down on his luck and had only fifty cents left to his name. While wandering through an amusement park in the Danforth district one night, he noticed three booths that had wheels of chance. Suddenly the number eight came to his mind. He concentrated on it for several minutes, then went to the first booth and put a dime on the eight. The wheel clocked to a stop at eight and he won first prize—a blanket. Continuing to concentrate on eight, he moved on to the second booth and this time won a large ham. At the third booth, number eight paid off once again with a hamper of groceries.

The believers got higher scores

On the basis of research that has already been done, it is possible to set down a number of general observations about Psi. It operates at an unconscious level and it cannot be brought into conscious, reliable use at will. The attitude of the individual strongly influences his performance. Groups of students at Harvard University and New York City College were asked by psychologist Gertrude R. Schneider how they felt about ESP. The believers and the unbiased were labelled *sheep*; the scoffers, *goats*. In the ESP tests that followed, the sheep far outclassed the doubting goats. Dr. Schneider then gave psychological tests to her subjects. Those who were emotionally well adjusted got significantly

higher ESP marks. Boredom, monotony and fatigue lower psychic abilities. So does anxiety. One woman, whose Psi powers generally enabled her to win at gambling, found that her luck changed when she wagered large amounts of money. The large stakes created too much tension within her. Depressant drugs diminish ESP; small quantities of alcohol and stimulants enhance it.

A noisy, busy environment discourages ESP. It may explain why the silent and solemn atmosphere of chess tournaments is conducive to paranormal activity. In an interview given a few years ago, Paul Schmidt, a former German chess champion, stated that he used telepathy and precognition in his matches. "Even when there are two or more logical possibilities, you have to be able to guess your opponent's next move so that you can go on with your planning." When Schmidt would discover a brilliant move while awaiting his turn, he'd try not to think about it, and he'd rush from the table lest his opponent read his mind. "My opponents would do the same thing," he said.

Two observations about ESP suggest that it may play a significant role in the education of our children. One is that a warm, sympathetic relationship is conducive to ESP communication between two people. The other is—and this was demonstrated by an Amsterdam school superintendent — that the best teachers seem to convey a great deal of their information in an extra-sensory way. Dr. Rhine was sufficiently impressed by the Amsterdam results to pursue the matter further in tests conducted in U.S. high schools. The specific question he posed was, "To what extent does rapport between teacher and pupil affect ESP?"

In a number of classrooms, the teacher appealed to her students to try for high scores on the tests to be given. The experimenters then took over. Each student was handed a sealed envelope containing a list of signs. The students were asked to guess the order in which

the signs were listed. They were then requested to answer a number of questions that would indicate how much they liked or disliked their teacher. The teachers, in turn, were asked to express their feelings about their pupils. The results were revealing: where there was great affection between teacher and child, the ESP score was high; where there was dislike, the ESP was low. Furthermore, there was a surprising similarity between the students' average school grades and their ESP scores.

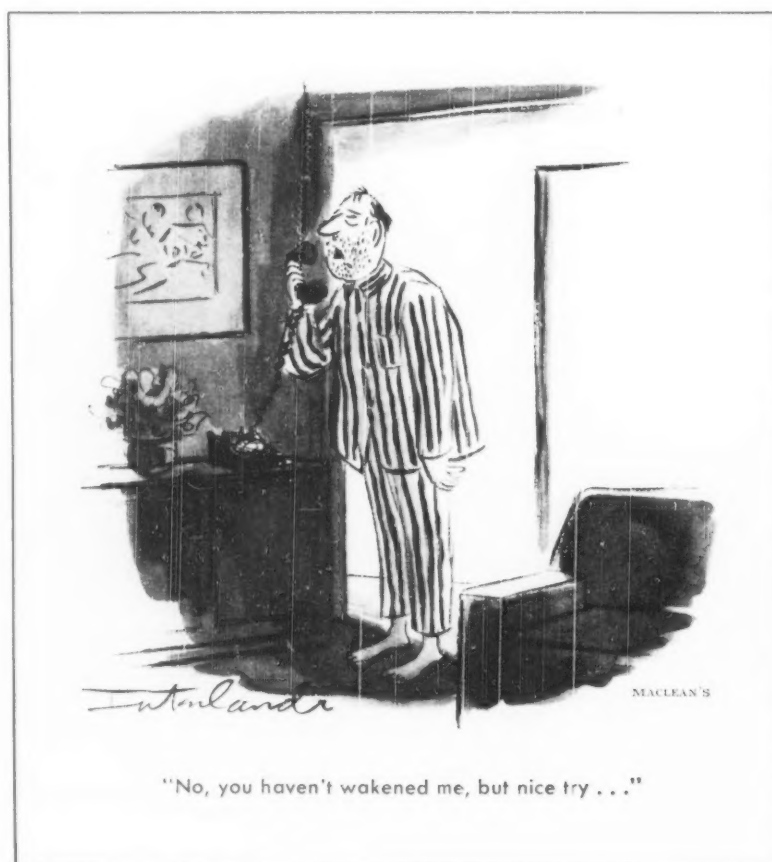
The relationship between ESP and education is only one of the many facets of Psi requiring further research. For example, is Psi a normal part of the human psyche or is it a rare gift of the few? Opinions vary. Dr. Rhine believes that it's a normal function of the mind. However, because of the inhibiting effect of civilization, these powers lie dormant in most of us. Authorities like the late British colonial administrator Sir Arthur Grimble report that Psi is common among primitive races living in sparsely settled areas of the world.

On the other hand, the biologist Sir Julian Huxley thinks that Psi represents "a new capacity, still in the rudimentary stage of evolution, like man's mathematical capacities during the ice age." A sharply conflicting view is set forth by Dr. Gardner Murphy: Psi is an inheritance from our primitive past. It was the usual method of communication before the development of speech. Animals retain their Psi capacities, as evidence a dog's or cat's ability to navigate unfamiliar territory successfully.

Henri Bergson, the French pioneer in psychiatry, has propounded perhaps the most colorful theory of Psi. The mind, he said, is aware of everything, everywhere, without regard to time or space. The function of the healthy, well-regulated brain is to shut out irrelevant knowledge. If we accept this explanation then Psi experiences represent a breakdown in the efficient operation of the human mind. Irrelevant material has been allowed to leak in.

Could this account for the apparently paranormal powers of the schizophrenic? Dr. Humphry Osmond, superintendent of the Saskatchewan Hospital at Weyburn, has often observed that "schizophrenic patients seem to tell each other things without the use of language." In a recent book, Dr. Jan Ehrenwald, a Viennese psychiatrist now living in New York, gave striking examples of schizophrenic clairvoyance and telepathy. A 60-year-old psychotic told a medical undergraduate, "You're not a doctor. You're living with a woman you're not married to. She has two children and you're going to desert her to take another job." He was right on all scores. Another patient startled Ehrenwald by saying out of the blue, "Open the chloroform bottle and you'll get a prize." At the time, the doctor was experimenting with a formula that he kept locked in his desk drawer in an old chloroform bottle. He hoped that his discovery would be an important medical advance and, at the time, was preoccupied with it. He had never mentioned the matter around the hospital.

It was the Anglo-American philosopher Alfred North Whitehead who said that "all really new ideas have certain aspects of foolishness when they are first produced." Parapsychology is no exception. But the first modest probings have already been made by honest, conscientious scientists, using orthodox research methods. Their efforts, if allowed to continue without prejudice, will give us a new understanding of the nature of man and his place in the universe. ★



ESP

THE DAY THE ESP SCIENTISTS TESTED ME Working with unbiased dice, I started well

Continued from page 13

dom, inhibition, self-consciousness, psychological adjustment and motivation. Spontaneous occurrences of ESP are always strongly motivated, often because some loved one is dying or in danger."

Pratt went away and when he returned he said he had just drawn up a research plan. It provided for twenty rounds each of five basic tests, to be administered by two experimenters. The five tests were cryptically listed as:

1. STM
2. SDT
3. GESP (two rooms)
4. Pcg.
5. Machine PK (Face targets)

The plan also outlined safeguards and statistical procedures and, noting that a photographer would be present, concluded, "We generally do not allow observers of genuine experiments. The main novel feature of this experiment, therefore, is to see how well the subject can do under these unusual circumstances."

Pratt said that he would be one of the experimenters and he was now going to see who else was around who could act as the second one. He departed moping his brow discreetly. Outside the window the east Duke campus baked inertly in blinding sunlight and rust-streaked blossoms sprawled on a huge magnolia tree. Inside, the academic offices had the same indescribable climate of leather, whirring fan, stickiness, dim sunlight and potted plants as a dentist's waiting room.

"Good relationship . . . better results"

Pratt bustled in again just long enough to introduce a gangling pink-checked youth in shirtsleeves, who proved to be Michael Sanders, a medical student from England who was now a research fellow at the laboratory. He was to be the second experimenter.

Sanders perched informally on the edge of a table and remarked that he was known around the laboratory as a good experimenter. "Until the semester ended I worked with a group of coeds. We usually work in the evenings. They come along to my office here about once a week and we sit around and talk and drink Cokes and if we feel like doing some runs we do some runs. I've even had two boy friends turn up in my office threatening me. The thing is, if you can establish a good relationship you can get better results."

He went on to say that there would be a staff conference in five minutes but after the conference we could all go to lunch, which would give him and Pratt a chance to get to know me better.

All in all it was 3 p.m. before we actually got down to any tests. They took place in a tiny office, on a standard office desk, and the main equipment consisted of a pair of dice and innumerable packs of ESP cards, twenty-five cards to a pack, each bearing one or other of the ESP symbols—a star, a square, a circle, a plus sign and a stylized set of three wavy lines. There was also a cardboard carton containing six dice, a nickel and a dime, and a fat volume containing blocks of random numbers.

Pratt and Sanders between them explained that four of the tests were for forms of ESP—the perception of objects by a subject without the aid of the five normal senses. The fifth was for psychokinesis—the mental influence of the subject on an object. They threw dice to

arrive at a random order for administering the tests and announced that I would start with psychokinesis, PK.

They further explained that I was now to roll a pair of dice seventy-two times. I was to try for each number in turn—twelve throws a number—and they would record the twenty-four faces I actually turned up. It was agreed that I would work from 1 up to 6 on this round.

Pratt handed me the dice cup and both experimenters poised their pencils over their record sheets. "Snake-eyes!" Pratt called helpfully.

On the first, third and fourth rolls I got combinations of 1 and other numbers. On the fifth I rolled snake-eyes. "Great," said Sanders. I rolled again. Snake-eyes. "Great!" he said. I rolled snake-eyes on the eighth and eleventh throws as well. Pratt and Sanders glanced at each other. After the twelfth throw Pratt counted up. "Eleven," he said meaningly. They both sat forward.

On the fifth throw of the second run (for 2s) one dice skidded to the edge of the table, went on tiptoe, and settled back with 2 uppermost. "Did you see that?" Sanders exclaimed. "Definite PK." I got eight out of twenty-four on the round.

I got two on the third round. No one spoke for a minute and then Pratt said vivaciously. "Any time you feel like standing up. . . ."

"We're rushing," said Sanders. "No need to rush."

I got two on the fourth round. No one said anything. Then I got five on the fifth and six on the sixth. Sanders laughed triumphantly.

"Twenty-four is the mean chance score for a whole round," Pratt observed at large. "She got thirty-four. It's not a bias on the dice because she got highest on 6s, 2s and 1s. Otherwise one would be much higher than the others."

"Now," he said briskly. "As the lot fell out the next experiment is GESP—General Extrasensory Perception—because you could be getting the symbol by clairvoyance, from the card itself. Or by telepathy; we're going to be sitting in another room with the card in our hand and we're going to be looking at it and you could be getting it from our concentration, our thoughts."

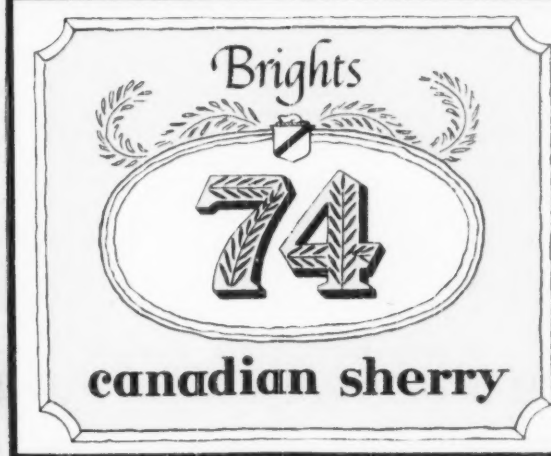
I was to go into the next room with a score sheet and, as they turned up each card in one of the random packs, write down what I thought it was. "The thing we are careful about," said Pratt, "is to keep the people who are looking at the cards from giving the subject any kind of signal except our thoughts. So you will rap on the wall when you want us to turn over the next card and when you've finished the run of twenty-five you come back in and we'll check our record against yours. We'll do five runs."

Sitting and rapping in the next office I made a discovery: whether or not I had extrasensory perception I had no idea how to tackle extrasensory watching. I started by trying to let my mind go blank but I thought about thinking. So I screwed up my eyes until charred patterns swam over a red ground and picked out possible stars, waves and circles. I got one on the run. Next I tried looking at the paper, letting my eyes go out of focus, and watching for symbols to surface, white-on-white. I got six on that run. When I tried it again I got four. The unruly mind kept furnishing thoughts, observations, reminders that I'd been neglecting one or other of the symbols.



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On the final run I tried automatic writing, dashing off symbols coldbloodedly. I got five.

When I returned to their office Pratt and Sanders reported gently that I had picked only twenty-two out of a hundred and twenty-five cards. They said it was just about what you'd pick by chance.

Pratt sat up in his chair after a moment and said encouragingly, "The next thing is a round of DT, standing for Down Through. We have a random pack here exactly similar to the ones we've been using but we're not going to open it. We'll just set it in front of you here on the desk and we want you to call the cards down through the pack. This time you won't have us helping you by looking at them."

My highest score on the five Down Through runs was a seven on the fourth round. The correct calls were clustered in the middle but, thinking back, I can't say I felt different when I called them.

And my score on the five runs was twenty-four, or one below mean chance. "I believe you were worried," said Pratt. I was. In the middle of the round I'd suddenly been visited with the knowledge that during the five GESP runs I'd forgotten all about the plus sign and had worked with only four symbols. From that point on in the Down Through I suspect I called rather more plusses than I might otherwise have done.

Sanders explained the fourth experiment, a test for precognition. He showed me the scoring sheet, ruled off like a crossword puzzle, and said that in the upper left-hand corner of each square I was to write in one of the ESP symbols, or call it for Sanders to write. "Dr. Pratt will go to his own office," he said. "After you've finished I'll take your sheet in to him and he will shake the dice box and get a number which will give us an entry in the random-number book. Each number in the specified block corres-

pounds to a symbol. When I come back I'll write in the target symbols from the book into the bottom right-hand corner. What I want you to do is try to precognize what you think will be written in the bottom right-hand corner. Your target doesn't exist yet. Get it?"

I said I got it, and he added that I was to alternate calling to him with writing them in myself. On the first run, which I called, I got five—a chance expectation. On the second, which I wrote, I got eight. Sanders said, "Great! That's a good score. I would expect you to write better

PARADE

Tell how tall he is? I can't even see him

Just when the style is probably going out, we've learned a fascinating tactical secret relating to the fantastic beehive hairdo. Before any well-trained hairdresser starts combing the customer's hair skyward, he asks how tall her boy friend or husband is.

than you call because you're a writer."

My total score on the round was twenty-two, or three below mean chance. But Sanders, who was still riffling through the score sheets, seemed quite pleased. He said that, in line with some experiments he'd been doing, he'd totaled my calling scores and my writing scores and compared them. "There's a significant difference," he said significantly. I gathered he meant something other than chance had been operating to separate them.

Pratt came in glancing at his watch and began a brisk description of the fifth and final test—STM, or Screened Touch Matching. On the desk between us he placed a portable backboard large enough to hide us from each other. A sort of serving hatch had been left at the bottom and midway through this he plac-

ed five blank cards in a line. Nailed to my side of the board were the five symbol cards.

Sanders shuffled these and replaced them saying, "Dr. Pratt has a random pack and what you'll do is like Down Through: you'll tap the blank cards corresponding to the symbols on the board and he'll deal the cards into piles face down in front of him, in the position you've tapped."

Using a pencil I began, rather hesitantly, to tap the blank cards in turn. Pratt said encouragingly, "In this test subjects generally just sort of breeze along. It's just a gay dance." I tried going faster but was distracted by a suddenly noticed tendency to pick not by inspiration but by a pattern of movement, as though I were playing counterpoint round a tonic note. At the end of the run I had only three cards in the right piles.

As I started again Pratt said brightly, "This just breezes along like a song, doesn't it?" He waited a minute and then began a monologue, which he continued for the next two runs, about a subject in New York who had got her best scores on Touch Matching while he told her Poe horror tales in serial form.

On the fourth run—I had got three and six on the second and third—he began again. "What do you think of Canada? I've only heard about the Canadian winter. I haven't lived there yet. Of course there's no point in talking about giving it back to the Indians. . . ." Sanders suddenly snapped his fingers and, rather wildly, started crooning. "Let's go to the hop, let's go to the hop, oh baby." To these accompaniments I got a four on the fourth round and a seven on the final one, making a total of twenty-three, or two under chance. Not significant.

"It's too hot," said Pratt.

Working after dinner and again the next morning we went through the second round of tests. This time I got

twenty-two in Down Through, twenty-five in the Screened Touch Matching, twenty-six in General Extrasensory Perception and twenty-four in Precognition—scores flatly indicating chance. But, Sanders said cheerfully, a significant difference had showed up again in my writing and calling scores in Precognition; moreover I had rooted the dice up to twenty-eight—three above chance—in the PK test.

He and Dr. Pratt held a consultation and after lunch they proposed that we scrap the last two rounds of the research plan and concentrate on the only two "interesting" areas—Precognition and Psychokinesis. We would do four rounds of each as a self-contained experiment.

I have to report that in four straight rounds of dice-throwing (288 faces) my average score was twenty-four, or dead on mean chance. In four rounds of Precognition (sixteen runs of twenty-five cards) my average score per run was 4.8 or insignificantly under mean chance. Furthermore, by the time I'd finished, any significant difference between my writing and calling scores had vanished.

When we'd finished we sat for a moment, and then I asked Pratt what his and Sanders's formal conclusions were.

Pratt wrinkled his nose and considered. "You had a very striking beginning indeed on round one," he said finally. "It's something like beginner's luck. Chance expectation on twenty-four faces is four, so eleven is quite phenomenal. On the total run, where twenty-four is expected, the odds of getting your score of thirty-four are fifty to one against chance."

He considered further and added sadly, "Your ESP scores show very little of interest." Sanders said, "The conditions were not very favorable. We're drawing absolutely no conclusions."

As I took my leave Pratt stirred and called after me, "I still say if you were available here I'd be interested in working with you as a PK subject." ★

SAKE OF ARGUMENT *continued from page 5*



If the New Party tries to fit itself into the business framework it's bound to fail

with the fate of parliament as Knowles thinks. But if there is a conscious lack of confidence in parliament it seems much more likely to have stemmed from a public realization that real power in our nation no longer resides in parliaments but in the boardrooms of corporations, and that so long as ultimate power rests there it will make little difference to daily life which party forms the government. This would seem to be the explanation for the cynical manner in which voters play off one party against another, in the comfortable knowledge that each will go as far as it dares in that extension of social services that wins votes without seriously infringing the privileges of corporate wealth.

The glittering stream of commodities pouring from the industrial machine seems to have a dazzling effect that blinds beholders to the dark shadows behind the glitter, shadows cast by two features of corporate capitalism—the continual reinvestment of surpluses in expanded production of commodities and the elimination of human labor.

Among the striking features of the new industrial society are:

- The staggering size and wealth of the modern corporation, steadily increasing by means of mergers and reinvestment of surpluses.

- The relatively high level of income enjoyed by a much larger part of the population than at any previous period.

- The decline in importance and influence of the titular owners of industry, the shareholders.

- ◆ These three phenomena have caused many who hitherto have supported and advocated socialist programs of public and co-operative ownership to have second thoughts. As it has become obvious, from results achieved, that large-scale organizations are more efficient in most fields than small ones, it has been an easy step to accept the giant corporation of today as the acme of efficiency and therefore a "good thing" in itself.

Giant industrial organizations have become a necessity for mass production and it is undeniable that in the main they have been a progressive economic force, making possible the high levels of production on which are based the living standards of today. But while there can be little doubt about the efficiency of large-scale operations, there is room to question the social value of the modern corporation.

Corporations still pursue profits as single-mindedly as in the past, but the purpose is no longer to increase the incomes of the owners. Profits are pursued for reinvestment.

Today's corporation, with its thou-

sands of shareholders (the people's capitalism of the New York Stock Exchange), is operated primarily for the benefit of its directors and senior officers. They may own title deeds to only a minute fraction of the company's holdings, but they have complete control of the corporate wealth and may dispose of surpluses as they see fit. Paradoxically enough it is the size of these surpluses that has reduced their nominal owners, the shareholders, to the position of pensioners. The enormous productive potential of modern industry enables directorates to finance expansion without calling on the shareholders.

This continual reinvestment of surpluses gives rise to an acute and growing economic and social problem. Much of it is in the form of improved technological processes designed to curtail or eliminate human labor—all the processes defined today as automation. These investments have the immediate effect of increasing production potential while reducing effective consumption.

It is suggested in some quarters, and this suggestion is the real underlying theme of New Party proposals at present, that this investment problem can be solved by means of taxation and government direction of investment. Neither of these means is adequate to the task. Corporation taxes could be increased, within severe limits and with very great difficulties in collection. Corporation profits can now be concealed in so many ways as legitimate expenses that the tax collector is hard put to it to unearth them. But the chief limitation is that if corporations are to be left with the task of organizing and man-

aging production, they must be left, to a very great extent, to do so on their own terms. Any attempt to tax to the extent that any significant proportion of the gains achieved by automation would be siphoned off to the public sector must inevitably result in slackening the pace of technological improvement or in the flight of capital to more salubrious economic climates abroad.

As for the proposal to direct investment of surpluses into desirable social channels, the best that can be said for it is that it is highly optimistic. It is easy enough to prevent investment in undesirable directions, but a vastly different proposition to force or cajole it into desirable ones that earn no direct profits. We can prevent, or at least hamper, the investment of private funds in brothels and dope-peddling rings, but it is much more difficult to persuade the owners of capital to invest in homes for wayward girls or drug addicts.

This question of the investment of the surpluses of the modern industrial machine is the over-riding problem for democracy. On it depends the quality of life to be enjoyed in the future.

On all sides the evidence is plain that the day of the corporation, nominally owned by a mass of shareholders but effectively the property of a small group, is coming to an end. Not because it is immoral, or grinds the faces of the poor, but because it is no longer practical.

Its replacement by public authorities and co-operative enterprises is clearly the next item on the agenda for Western society. Nothing less than this is an adequate *raison d'être* for a new political party in Canada at this time. ★

BACKGROUND

PROFILE: How to make a million in the charity game

Everything has that mysterious "something" nowadays, whether washing powder or gasoline or vitamin pills or shaving cream or tooth paste—everything has that new added element that no other brand has. This magic X has a wonderful unpronounceable name not yet in any dictionary. We smile, but thousands of gullible mortals will buy truckloads of the hokum and find it no better than something else they fell for months ago.

Few people are better qualified to say what kind of hokum gullible mortals will buy by the truckload than the author of that warning, Harold George Martin, formerly of Montreal, Toronto, Dafoe, Sask., Orillia, Ont., and now of Vaudreuil, Que. Although he wrote the warning simply to make a brief evangelical point about Divine guidance, he could probably have expanded the part about gullibility into a book-length treatise and based it all on his experience as head of a prosperous organization called Christian Homes for Children, as editor of a remarkably profitable little quarterly magazine called Home, and as a man whose various Christian enterprises have prospered to the amount of about a million dollars.

On at least one occasion, Martin has used Home to hit back at his critics. But mostly his 32-page magazine contains inspirational messages, an occasional piece of anti-Catholic propaganda, and almost invariably an appeal for donations. Martin declares Home's "world-



wide" circulation to be 10,000—not a surprising statement, since he charges only \$1 for a three-year subscription of 12 issues and gives away free copies on request. What is surprising is the magazine's total revenue, from subscriptions and donations. In 1958, for instance, Home took in \$52,433.98.

Martin has never said Home wasn't a profitable operation, but somehow he manages to leave the impression that it is the humble effort of a struggling little evangelical organization existing hand-to-mouth on the donations of well-wishers. In being partly—but not entirely—what it seems to be, Home resembles the Christian Homes for Children and, for that matter, Martin himself.

Martin, 48, is an ordained minister,

having been created such in Toronto in 1942 by the Union of Regular Baptists, a group since absorbed by the Fellowship of Evangelical Baptist Churches in Canada. Considering the frequent schisms that keep the Baptists split into separate sects, it is perhaps nothing against Martin that he is no longer recognized by the Fellowship—or by any other Baptist group. Indeed, he frequently uses such terms as "non-sectarian" and "interdenominational" when describing his organizations. However, some of his other qualifications are open to question. For instance, three of the degrees he likes to carry after his name are doctorates—of education, philosophy and divinity. He got the Ed.D. from Burton College and Seminary, Manitowish Springs, Colo., and the Ph.D. and D.D. from Pioneer Theological Seminary, Rockford, Ill. According to information issued last year by the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, both these institutions are "degree mills"—commercial enterprises that will sell degrees to anybody wanting to buy them.

Similarly, Martin has managed to give his Christian Homes for Children a far greater air of respectability than the organization deserves. The CHFC holds a bona fide dominion charter and a provincial license, and people who send it money can list their donations as income-tax deductions. Yet there is no evidence that Martin has ever made more than a token gesture toward carrying out the stated aim of the organization—to care for "orphaned, destitute, neglected or needy children." Martin talks mostly in vague terms about the "scores" or "hundreds" of children he has helped. And, without saying he is actually caring for charity cases dependent on the donations he solicits, he leaves the impression that he is squeezing nickels to keep a roof over the heads of otherwise homeless waifs. In one of his few precise statements about the number of children in his care, Martin said in 1951 that he had taken in 71 children since opening the Vaudreuil home two years earlier. Actually, it's doubtful if Martin has cared for more than a handful of children in the home—other than his own—in all the 12 years since it opened. And it's questionable whether any of the children could properly be described as orphaned, destitute, neglected or needy. To help estimate how many children have lived in Martin's institution since 1949, the Protestant school board chairman, Adolphe A. St. Aubin, recently searched the municipal records for the names of school-age children (other than Martin's children) who have ever lived on Martin's Vaudreuil property. St. Aubin found only nine names. Five of these were children who lived with their parents in a cottage rented from Martin. Three others were youngsters who stayed in Martin's home for three months or less. The remaining child was Judith Webster, now Mrs. A. Tavaglione, who attended the camp run on the premises by Martin during the summer of 1951, then stayed on at the home from September '51 until June '52. But she was not an orphaned, destitute, neglected or needy child. Her father paid her board there because he was expecting to move to Vaudreuil and

didn't want her to have to change schools in mid-term.

Perhaps Martin has cared for children of pre-school age at various times, but Mrs. Tavaglione says there were only two in the home when she was there, and they stayed only three months. If Martin had any children in the home this year, there was no evidence of them last May when G. E. Sauvé, a Vaudreuil census enumerator, called. At that time, Mrs. Martin said that the only children living there were her own—one daughter and four sons.

In April 1950 Martin assured the Montreal Better Business Bureau that "there is no charge for individual children. Where parents can pay something for their support, this is encouraged but not necessary for the admission of children." Seventeen months later, W. G. McCartney called at the home and asked Martin to board the two McCartney boys, then aged four and five. Martin demanded \$35 a week per child. McCartney, explaining that his earnings were only \$60 a week, offered to pay \$15 a week per child—or half his income. Martin refused, and McCartney was obliged to board the boys elsewhere.

The motto of the Christian Homes for Children has remained the same during Martin's 12 years at Vaudreuil: "Where no needy child ever knocks in vain." However, Martin did hint at least once, in 1956, that the motto could accurately be shortened to read, "Where no needy child ever knocks." At that time, he complained mildly of a shortage of needy children, in spite of his "earnest efforts" to find them. Martin *does* have large numbers of children on his estate each summer, as members of his Lake of Two Mountains Camp. But most of them are guests whose parents pay \$25 to \$45 a week, depending on whether the child is to have "real camp-style" living, "superior" accommodation, or "de luxe" service.

However, Christian Homes for Children has at least provided a good Christian home for one group of children: Martin's daughter and four sons. In a newsletter Martin once described their home as very humble: "We renovated the second floor of the building, which used to be a barn, as living quarters. . . . My boys' bedroom is the converted silo. My office and study are converted from the horse stables, and my wife's office is where the cow stanchions and manure bin stood. . . . Oh yes, the master bedroom is the former pigeon loft."

But when he put the same building up for sale in August 1959, Martin described it this way:

THE MANSE—also known as Administration building. Three story stone and stucco size 30 x 75. Contains 4 modern offices with toilet on ground floor and two car heated garage in which is installed a new hot water boiler for heating entire building. Second floor contains 8 rooms all finished in knotty pine. Massive

living room size 24' x 42', fireplace and 5 thermoplane picture windows 8 feet long each. Bathroom and Laundry room on second floor. Third floor contains Master bedroom with library, kitchenette and bathroom. Hardwood floors throughout covered with expensive wall to wall broadloom. —\$70,000.



At the time he put this building onto the market, Martin listed the rest of his Vaudreuil property for sale. His total asking price: \$876,000. Elsewhere, Martin (or his non-profit companies) owns 71,000 square feet of land on Highway No. 2 in Ile Perrot, Que.; a building in Dorion, Que., that cost him \$25,000; and property in Hornell, N.Y., which, with improvements, he claims, cost \$80,000. All of which would seem to make Martin and his enterprises worth about \$1 million.

Whenever his motives are questioned or his property is threatened with taxation, he tells his Home and newsletter readers he is being persecuted by Catholics. In Quebec, of course, he finds it very easy to picture himself surrounded by Roman Catholic conspirators, although he didn't find it too hard to picture the same circumstances years earlier, in the days when he was refused licenses to operate homes for children in Ontario and Saskatchewan. When he first went to Vaudreuil, Les Scouts Catholiques sold him property, and Catholic women helped him distribute his Protestant literature because he seemed bent on doing some worthwhile charitable work.

But Martin has found it expedient on several occasions to complain of Catholic persecution around Vaudreuil. His biggest fight so far culminated in a court action last spring, when a judge found that certain pieces of Martin's property that the municipality wanted to tax should remain exempt. In appealing to Home readers to "come to the help of the Lord IMMEDIATELY" (i.e. send money to help pay Martin's lawyer), Martin said his was the only Protestant organization in the area. Actually, there are eight Protestant churches near by, and one of the respondents opposing Martin in court was the Protestant school board.

Last summer, Martin's eldest son, Harold Wycliffe, rose at a Sunday evening service to testify to his faith in Jesus. "I gave my heart to Jesus when I was very young, about six or seven," he said. "But it was only two weeks ago that I heard my father preach of the need for foreign missionaries and missionaries in our own land, and I decided that making money and having a prominent place in society wasn't everything in life."

Harold George Martin probably feels much the same way. There are many satisfactions in running a successful magazine and providing a good Christian home for orphaned, destitute, neglected or needy children.—SHIRLEY MAIR



BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

THE FIELD OF ATOMIC POWER: two experts meet

Whenever the individual Canadian citizen feels himself opposed strongly to any policy of government, he almost always protests by applying pressure on the politicians, who theoretically at least represent his interest in Ottawa. It takes a much braver man to challenge the vested wisdom of the all but untouchable body of civil servants who really decide what cabinet ministers think.

But every so often, the good grey body of Ottawa's bureaucracy is tackled by an inquiring spirit, who rightly or wrongly believes that bad advice is being passed up to the cabinet. Such a challenge affirms the freedom of individual thought and action on which any democratic system must be based, but it can also lead to a great deal of unexpected trouble for the individual concerned.

The best recent example of this process and its consequences occurred during the hearings of the sonorous-sounding Special Commons Committee on Research. To the committee, which was hearing testimony on the operations of Atomic Energy of Canada Limited, the Crown agency charged with nuclear research, came Winnett Boyd, a mild-mannered mechanical engineer from Toronto.

Boyd's surface tranquility hides a passionate stubbornness about scientific matters, comparable in intensity to that of Vice-Admiral Hyman Rickover, the stormy petrel of U.S. atomic science. Like Rickover, Boyd has been campaigning for a drastic revision of his country's government-sponsored nuclear power development policy. "I am terribly concerned," he says, "that a dreadful mistake will be made if present policy is pursued—as important and serious a mistake as was made by Ontario Hydro when it installed 25-cycle circuits at the beginning of the century. That eventually cost \$600 million to rectify."

During the Research Committee sessions, Boyd carefully constructed his case against the work of Atomic Energy of Canada Limited, which has already spent nearly \$300 million experimenting with heavy-water reactors and has committed a further \$200 million to their development. Boyd insisted that the design approach of the Crown agency caters more to the rarefied desires of its scientists than to Canada's economic facts of life.

\$6 a year per capita

This is no mere academic argument among white-coated research specialists. Its outcome could gravely affect this country's industrial future. For if Boyd is not listened to, and turns out to have been right, the atomic power reactors we must build within two decades to feed the power-short industries of southern Ontario will not be economically competitive, and our huge investment in atomic power research will turn out to have been useless. And it is a huge investment: in per capita terms, our Canadian nuclear program requires an average annual payment of \$6 by every wage and salary earner in the country.

That's enough to defray two months' power bills for every residential consumer in Canada.

It takes a nuclear expert to comprehend the fine points of Boyd's accusations, but the heart of his quarrel with government atomic scientists is this: all reactors built by AECL work on a combination of natural uranium and heavy water, as do many other experimental reactors in the world. However, the \$80 million nuclear power plant that AECL is currently building for Ontario Hydro at Douglas Point on Lake Huron, which is to be the model for future nuclear units, also uses the combination of heavy water and natural uranium. This is in marked contrast to nuclear power generators in the U.S., U.K. and Germany which, according to Boyd, have all but rejected the heavy-water approach.

Boyd's interest in opposing the heavy-water reactors is not entirely scientific. He has himself designed a model that uses a mixture of enriched uranium, graphite and helium that he has not been able to sell anywhere. He claims that his type of reactor would not only be a great deal safer but—unlike the AECL heavy-water unit—would produce power that was cheap enough to compete with coal-burning stations.

A spurned inventor, says AECL

It is a fact that Canada is the only country in the world whose nuclear research is limited exclusively to heavy-water reactors. Boyd admits it's possible that we're right, and everyone else is wrong, but he thinks we should at least study some alternatives. To back up his case, he quotes Dr. Frank Pittman, reactor development director of

the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, who downgraded the Canadian heavy-water power unit to seventh place among reactors in the Western world, in a listing of potential commercial advantages.

The platoon of AECL experts at the Research Committee hearings, who denied every charge made by Boyd with well-documented counter-charges, submitted a more recent du Pont study that comes out strongly for the heavy-water approach. J. L. Gray, the AECL president, has at various times described Boyd's statements as "ridiculous," "outright admissions of ignorance" and as "direct attempts to mislead." Although Gray and his fellow officials have never said so publicly, they privately accuse Boyd of raising the heavy-water issue because he wasn't able to interest the Crown agency in his own pet design. Boyd vehemently denies this, but adds that his model was never properly examined by AECL: he claims to have proof that Gray personally spent only thirty minutes giving his machine a cursory glance-over. Gray refers to Boyd's plans as "elegant and intriguing design concepts... with some very formidable development problems and hazard considerations." While he admits that the perfect power reactor has not yet been invented, the AECL head makes an excellent case for the Crown agency's continuing its research in the heavy-water field, where it's an acknowledged world leader.

But for one fact, Boyd's lonely battle against the bureaucratic might of the AECL could be dismissed as a case of an ambitious engineer trying to peddle his own design. This fact is that Boyd is no ordinary engineer.

He followed up his training at the

University of Toronto, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the National Research Council by building the Chinook, Canada's first successful jet engine, for A. V. Roe Canada Ltd. Between 1948 and 1950 he was the designer in chief of the Orenda engine, which powered the F-86 and CF-100 and was at the time of its first trial 50% more powerful than any other operating jet engine in the world. In 1951 he was retained by the National Research Council to head the engineering team that designed the NRU at Chalk River, Ont., which remains the AECL's largest research reactor. This job involved an engineering fee of \$7.5 million.

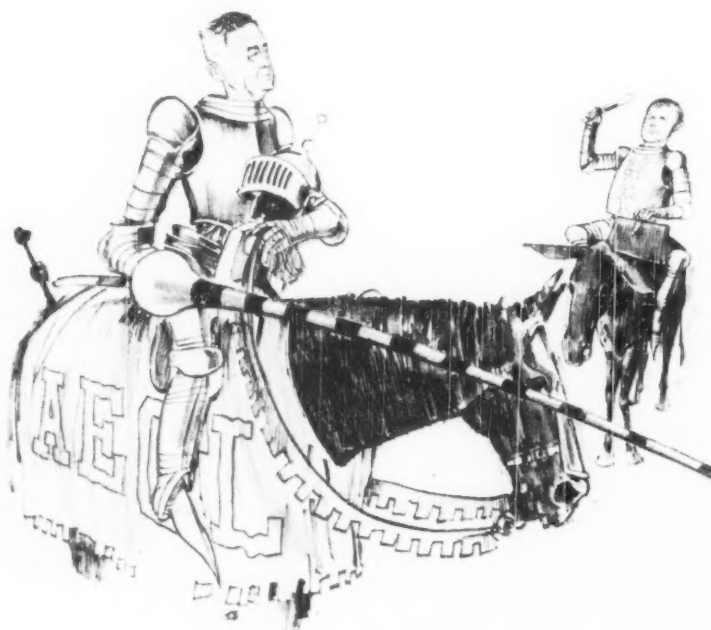
"... a road that leads nowhere"

Out of this project, Boyd became interested in adapting for Canadian use a reactor, invented by Prof. Farrington Daniels of the University of Wisconsin, that rejects the AECL's heavy-water approach. A. V. Roe supported him and a team of engineers with a \$145,000 grant to carry through the designs, but dropped the project—Boyd claims due to pressure from AECL—in August 1958. He eventually sold out his majority interest to Arthur D. Little, the well-known Boston firm of management consultants he now represents in Canada.

Although Boyd retains a minority interest in his machine, he insists that his main interest now is to prevent Canada from making a terrible mistake. "I'm not suggesting we build my reactor," he says. "But I do advocate that at least we study alternative types. Where the possible dangers to the public are as great as they are when one is dealing in controlled nuclear fission, we shouldn't be limiting ourselves to a reactor which must take liberties with conventional factors of safety to be economical."

Boyd has also charged our entire nuclear power program with mismanagement. Although Canada pioneered many areas of nuclear research, we are now a long way behind the U.S. and the U.K. in utilizing atomic fission for power purposes. This despite the fact that by 1980 atomic energy will become an indispensable power source for southern Ontario. According to present estimates, nuclear reactors will by then have to be supplying as much power as the total of hydro and steam energy currently installed in the province. "If I'm right," says Boyd, "and if the AECL refuses to modify its approach, outsiders will sell their safer and more economical reactors in Ontario, and all our expensive efforts will have been wasted."

Although the Commons Research Committee's final report approved the AECL approach to nuclear power production, Boyd's efforts have moved the country's atomic research program into an area of controversy, echoing his warning: "We in Canada must make absolutely sure that in this vital field we are not spending untold millions of dollars to pave a road that leads nowhere."



En garde, Mr. Gray, Winnett Boyd is leading a one-man assault.



OVERSEAS REPORT

Leslie F. Hannon IN ENGLAND

SITUATION NORMAL: The English look for money, the Scots look for work, the press looks at itself

How the nice old ladies put the bite on everyone for almost everything

LONDON—In the foyer of a club off St. James's the other day a chic woman jabbed an artificial pink flower in my lapel and gave her collection box a discreet rattle. I am an anti-tag-day man but also a coward. I put a florin in her box and asked why the stickup.

"It's Alexandra Day," she replied brightly. "Not the contemporary princess, you understand—the wife of Edward VII, who died fifty years ago."

"Who gets my two shillings?" I persevered.

"Oh, in this area it's the distressed gentlefolk," she answered over her shoulder as she pinned down another victim. I had read in the papers a day or so earlier of the appeal of the Anglo-Spanish Society of Animal Lovers for funds to buy mobile medical units to tour the Spanish hinterland looking for maltreated mules. I was aware that no fewer than fourteen institutions here compete to aid the blind.

Doesn't the Welfare State look after its impoverished aristocrats and its blind? Isn't the begging bowl supposed to be a relic of the past? At the Home Office I learned that, Welfare State or not, England and Wales currently carry more than 110,000 charitable trusts, and new registrations under the Charities Act are running at the rate of nearly ten a month. Only since last January have new charities been compelled by law to register with either the minister of education or the Charity Commission, the latter a government body, set up in 1853, that now boasts fourteen paid executives. It still operates on a budget of \$350,000 for the better administration of charitable trusts. The Charities Act, passed only last year, seems to be a fresh attempt to bring some order to the charity chaos, to nudge private organizations into closer co-operation with established governmental agencies, and get a larger percentage of the public generosity through to the intended recipient.

And, tax-ridden as they are, the British are a soft touch. Last year they coughed up \$130,000 for one of the two national anti-vivisectionist groups. The RSPCA here sits on a capital nestegg of well over \$5,000,000, and last year received nearly \$1,500,000 in new legacies. Now the Home Office is taking another cautious step and is beginning the compulsory registration of all charities. The shrewdly dispersed counties of Bedfordshire and Surrey come first. If not hamstrung by entrenched do-gooders who fear that government meddling might expose their pet projects to unemotional practical scrutiny, the countrywide registration is still expected to take three years. Only when it's complete can there be any chance of a basically sympathetic Home Office sorting out the muddle. As



things stand, hundreds of moribund charities are still bumbling along on the invested capital from long-forgotten legacies. One outfit is still trying to succor distressed gardeners, when those worthy gents are scarcer than physicists. Another is looking out for twenty-six women "of good walk and conversation."

The underprivileged "British Maritimes" fight back

GLASGOW—Crossing the Firth of Clyde by the car ferry is as good a way as any of seeing the sores of Britain. Along twenty miles of deep water stretches the world's greatest shipbuilding complex. Below this drab city the yards that built the mighty Cunard Queens, now aged and honored, are often still. The gantries brood over the empty ways in the grey drizzle.

Ten percent of all Scots depend on the shipyards for a living and the industry is facing the toughest competition ever. The government is committed to assist in financing a superliner of 75,000 tons to replace the Queen Mary, but is not committed to placing the contract in Scotland. Belfast and Newcastle yards need work too. Japan and West Germany are sharp bidders for foreign bottoms. Lord Polwarth, the 44-year-old chairman of the Scottish Council (Development and Industry), rejects the idea that shipbuilding is a dying industry. "The fact is, though," he told anxious Scots, "the world capacity to build ships is just double what is required at present and even if we maintain our orders, the new methods will inevitably employ fewer men for the same output." The Cunard Line reported a six percent drop in Atlantic

passengers carried in 1960 and recently ordered two Boeing 707s for its airline subsidiary.

As a whole, Scotland suffers from what is regarded here as chronic unemployment; about three and a half percent of the working force—roughly double the national average. In a sense, Scotland can be likened to Canada's Maritimes. Succeeding central governments trumpet bold new plans to solve the Scottish problem, but nothing really changes. While Polwarth was exhorting Scots to be bold and adventurous, to initiate, develop and adapt and thus lure new industry, it was revealed that more than \$40,000,000 had been granted in financial assistance to Scottish industry under the Local Employment Act. Malcolm McDougall, a Glasgow industrialist, cheerfully translated that into nearly 12,000 new jobs for Scotland.

Scottish Labor MPs down at Westminster didn't even crack a grin. Thirteen of them roasted the minister of labor, John Hare, and the president of the Board of Trade, Reginald Maudling, on the government's attitude to Scotland.

Adding to Scottish ire when I was there, a book entitled Great Britain was published by a London firm, Vista Books. Its chapter on Scotland gave exactly that picture of the country most certain to infuriate progressives. The French author's Highlanders were blowing their bagpipes and keeping an eye open for ghosts and gnomes. His Lowlanders were stuffing themselves with oatmeal and potatoes. Reviewer Alistair Campsie voted the author, Jean Bailache, the most hateable Frenchman of 1961. Bailache spent four months in Scotland gathering his impressions and, silly as most of them are, they're a just reward to the sizeable number of Scots who still cling to every scrap of quaint tradition as some kind of last-ditch defense against the union of 1707.

An impressive English press gang presses its case

LONDON—Put any three Britons on a desert island and they'll form a committee—a chairman, a secretary and one dissident member continually rising on points of order. Whitaker's Almanack carries nearly fifty pages of associations, societies and clubs in microscopic type and they are merely the principal outfits.

Keeping pace with the torrent of talk occupies most of the working hours of most of the country's newspapermen. Off duty you'd imagine they'd dive into the nearest pub at the sight of a gavel. However, it's a fact that one of the talkiest of the nation's committees is an association of newspapermen called the General Council of the Press. This curious body is eight years old. Its articles of constitution require 2,000 words of heavyweight prose. It has twenty-five members—fifteen editorial men and ten from newspaper management—and no powers whatsoever.

This last proposition is seriously considered to be its greatest virtue. The Press Council, as it's known, has eight objects but it seems to pursue only one of them with any vigor. Object 2 reads, "To maintain the character of the British press in accordance with the highest professional and commercial standards." Thus it investigated beefs that Dr. Bodkin Adams has been persecuted by the Daily Herald concerning his friendship with a certain Mrs. Iris Mills; that photographers had hounded Nye Bevan on his deathbed; that the cops in Nottingham had tried to get a newspaperman to turn informer; that exaggerated reports had been carried by the Newcastle Evening Chronicle about troops of the Durham Light Infantry beating up the town of Honiton; that papers like The Guardian and The Observer had broken the code by publishing the Lawrence four-letter words during the Lady Chatterley trial.

What comes of the investigations comes in lofty legalistic terms that should make any good deskman reach for his blue pencil. Here's one finding in full: "The Council decided to take no action and declared that there was no substance in the board's implied suggestion that the publication of an admitted error showed anti-Semitic motives."

A few years ago I presided over an organization called the Association of Canadian Magazine Editors. We wrangled so much and achieved so little that one wonderful afternoon in the Royal York Hotel we voted ourselves out of existence, unanimously. If the General Council of the Press should ever feel the same way it can fold with due decorum by invoking Article 17 of its constitution. If the executive is careful to give not less than 21 days' notice, it needs only a two-thirds majority. ✓

ENTERTAINMENT

WALT DISNEY'S CANADA: trees, men and animals

Walt Disney's third movie to be made in Canada will probably—like the first and second Disney movies filmed here—show miles of Canadian scenery, wild animals, tame animals, and some human actors, mostly French Canadians. It will be what Disney's publicity office calls "a wide-screen, technicolor major multi-million-dollar production."

His first Canadian movie, *Nikki, Dog of the North*, was filmed in and around Banff and is now showing in neighborhood theatres. The wildlife scenes were done by Winston Hibler, Disney's top outdoor photographer. The scenes with people in them were directed by a Canadian, Don Huidane, and filmed by a crew of Canadian technicians. The second movie, *Big Red*, will be filmed this summer in the countryside around three small Quebec towns, La Malbaie, Pointe au Pic and Cap à l'Aigle near the mouth of the St. Lawrence River. *Big Red* is also about a dog, but Bob King, a Disney public relations man in Hollywood, says, "It's different from *Nikki*. This time we're going to pay more attention to the people. *Big Red*'s

really a triangle: man, dog and boy."

The star of *Big Red* is Walter Pidgeon but for the small boys who will be the movie's best customers, the real hero of the picture will be Gilles Payant, a 14-year-old professional actor

from Montreal. Payant plays an orphan who stumbles onto Pidgeon's lush estate and discovers *Big Red*, an Irish Setter, and Emile Genest (who was the villain in *Nikki, Dog of the North*, but is a kindly dog trainer in *Big Red*).



Emile Genest, the kindly dog trainer, with *Big Red*.

Young Payant leads Pidgeon, Genest and several dogs into the Quebec bush.

The indoor scenes for *Big Red* will be filmed later this summer at Burbank, and Payant, who has been signed to a seven-year contract by Disney, will be accompanied to California by his mother. "Gilles is not a fresh boy," she says, "I don't like fresh boys."

Disney's third Canadian movie hasn't been scheduled yet, but he's looking for another outdoor epic for Jean Coutu, the broad-shouldered actor who played the good guy in *Nikki, Dog of the North*. Last month he purchased the screen rights to *Incredible Journey*, a new book by Sheila Burnford, the wife of a Port Arthur, Ont., pediatrician. It's about the adventures of two dogs and a cat as they travel across southern Ontario. Disney, in the words of one of his Hollywood publicity men, "has discovered Canada." The natives seem pleased at being discovered. "Disney's people are gentlemen," Emile Genest says. "At last a Canadian actor is being treated like a human being instead of a worm."

PROFILE: George Knudson's aggressive golf game

George Knudson is a skinny, intense 25-year-old chain-smoker whose face turns white with anger whenever a drive, an approach or a putt, doesn't work out exactly as he plans it. Knudson is also a thoroughly professional golfer with some qualities that make him Canada's most promising young tournament competitor.

He is serenely confident. "I haven't shot par for so long," Knudson says. "I forget what it feels like. If I need birdies, I just get aggressive." For the past three years he has been one of seven assistant professionals at Toronto's luxurious Oakdale Golf and Country Club but his duties have been light. He gives the occasional private lesson and spends most of his time—when he is not playing in tournaments—playing his home course. "It was all I could do to shoot 87 on this course last year," he says. "Now I hit 87 and 88 all the time."



For the past three years Knudson has won the \$5,000 Canadian Professional Golfers' Association biannual tournament for professionals under 30. The \$5,000 is split among the top three scorers and Knudson has used his share to play on the "grapefruit circuit" of golf tournaments in the southern U.S.

Last winter he won prize money in four of the last five U.S. winter tournaments he played in. Last month he returned home to win the Ontario Open by demolishing his opposition with an opening round 64. "In the past year," he says, "my game has improved a thousand percent."

Knudson broke into golf as caddy at Winnipeg's St. Charles Country Club, and won the Manitoba junior tournament for four years in a row, setting a

new record every year. At 18 he won the Canadian junior championship with a 69 that was seven strokes under the previous junior record. Shortly after his 20th birthday, he turned professional and joined the staff at Oakdale.

Knudson is now beginning to develop the top-money-winning tournament golfer's ability to relax while concentrating intensely on his game. Trailing cigarette butts around the course he studies each shot through silver-rimmed glasses and, when he is not shooting, restlessly inspects his clubs for minute pieces of dirt.

"The smoking and housecleaning and

most of the surveying time give me something to do besides stand and wait to shoot," he says. "This game is 10 percent ability and 90 percent mental attitude. It's much easier to learn to hit your way around a golf course than it is to learn to think your way around."

Knudson thinks he is ready to play in—but not yet to win regularly—the biggest U.S. tournaments. "If I played Arnold Palmer tomorrow, I think I could beat him," he says. "But I can't beat 60 Arnold Palmers on a specific day or in a specific tournament."

—TRENT FRAYNE

A young comedian's modern fairy tale about two aging comedians

WAYNE AND SHUSTER 20-odd years ago were just like Martin and Larry today. They were poor—they were college graduates; they wanted to be comedians for people who read books; they were unknown; they wrote all their own material. Now Wayne and Shuster are well known in Canada, Britain and the U.S. Last month they opened in a new half-hour television situation comedy called *Holiday Lodge* that was filmed in Hollywood and for which they did not write any of the material.

Last month Martin Luvit, one of *Maclean's* Young Canadians (he's a comedian who writes all his own material and aims it at people who read books), was in New York. He was looking for a job doing some of the things—arts of the things—Wayne and Shuster have done, or are doing still.

Once upon a time there were two comedians and they had a radio show and they made us laugh. That was during the Forties. There were others in those days, even Canadian others—Alan Young for instance. He was funny. He went to the States. Whatever became of him?

But Wayne and Shuster stayed on in

Canada. Oh, there were reports of offers but they always turned them down. "They won't even let us write our own material in the States," they said. "We always write our own material. Look what happened to Alan Young."

Then all at once Ed Sullivan, the Fairy Prince, invited them down to New York, where they did just about the same stuff they did at home. The Americans dug it. They thought it was funny and the Fairy Prince's ratings went up and up. The Fairy Prince signed Wayne and Shuster to a six-show contract. Back home people said, "My, they are funny." Then they started appearing on the covers of our magazines and they said things like "Sure we'll do six Sullivan shows a year but we'll do shows here too. We still want to live and work in Canada."

"Hurrah!" we said. "Three cheers!" we said. But in our secret heart of hearts we thought there was something fishy going on. I mean, if they are so good, why do they stay in Canada?

Finally the word came. They were going to Hollywood. Sure only for the summer. Sure only as Jack Benny's replacement. But nobody ever comes back from Hollywood.—MARTIN LUVIT

MOVIES: Clyde Gilmour

Pidgeon entertains as a submarine hero

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF

THE SEA: The aging but still lively Walter Pidgeon has a custom-tailored role here as an eccentric admiral-scientist, the designer and builder of a huge glass-nosed experimental atomic submarine. The world is threatened when a "ring of radiation" 300 miles in outer space is mysteriously ignited. The admiral's plan to "counter-explode" the fire in the sky by penetrating it with a Polaris missile is rejected at the United Nations, but he sets out anyway and soon the submarine is a "hunted ship." The writing and most of the acting are not much above the comic-book level of sophistication, in its own boyish fashion, however, the film is good hot-weather entertainment.



ON THE DOUBLE: Danny Kaye's latest romp gives him abundant opportunity to display his one-man gallery of dialects and impersonations. The result, though not one of his really choice items, sparkles often enough to be worth seeing. Our boy is a meek American GI who is ordered to pose in public as an important British brass hat, the target of Nazi assassins.

And these are worth seeing:

Fanny

The Guns of Navarone

The Parent Trap

The Pleasure of His Company

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